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THE MISCELLANEOUS COMPANIONS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE MISCELLANEOUS COMPANIONS:

VOL. I.

BEING A SHORT

TOUR

OF

OBSERVATION AND SENTIMENT,

THROUGH A PART OF

SOUTH WALES.

By WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

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ERRATUM.

P. 120, l. 6. for *poet's* read *poetick*.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE hath been of late years no ſmall complaint, in the circle of letters, about officious intruſions on the publick, of unintereſting *travels*, and *medical* obſervations. In both departments, the learned and very reſpectable corps of criticks, who ſuperintend our *Reviews*, have found much cauſe to exerciſe their patience in examining, and much ſcope for wholſome ſatire in characteriſing, volumes of dulneſs and impertinence. No ſooner does a ſon of Galen get clear of the lecture-room, and his name adorned with the ſcientifick initials M. D. or a faſhionable traveller get looſe from college on a ramble to ſee the world, than books are publiſhed to inſtruct grey-beard apothecaries and phyſicians in their profeſſion,

profeſſion, and readers at large in the knowledge of roads and follies!

The author of the following pages, being thus appriſed of a juſt complaint, may be deemed particularly preſumptuous in making a ſhort and accidental journey of buſineſs, through a part of Wales, the occaſion of a new book. To this he has nothing to anſwer in direct vindication of himſelf—nothing to offer but ſupplication for indulgence, till this little work ſhall have been read, or at leaſt looked over; and then, if his readers remain diſſatisfied with his intelligence, obſervation, reflection, and apparent motives, he muſt regret that writing and reading ſhould be employed to ſo poor a purpoſe!

A SHORT

A SHORT

TOUR

OF

Obſervation and Sentiment, &c.

AND is it impoſſible, ſaid I, (as I went on my way from Bath to Briſtol) that this ſame journey into Pembrokeſhire, having for its main object a common concern of buſineſs, can be made a journey alſo of reflection and ſentiment?—No doubt materials may be found, and incidents will occur, which a ſpeculative and ingenious traveller might work into ſome form, if not into comelineſs! In the courſe of the few days which I am to allot myſelf, a multitude of thoughts muſt neceſſarily paſs the mind of a

man who keeps his eyes open and his head cool, during a traverſe of three hundred miles! Thus originated the plan of a *journal.*

I ſet out from Bath, on this occaſional travel, about the middle of one of the cold ſpring days in 1785, with a determination to ſpend as little time in Briſtol as I could: for I have ever found more pleaſure in diſpatching my affairs with all convenient ſpeed in a ſmoky city, and getting out of the ſcene of traffick which it exhibits, than in going into it.

But miſſing opportunities of tranſacting what little I had to do in the evening, I was detained next morning, till it became impoſſible to arrive ſoon enough at the paſſage to croſs by the firſt boat. However, I determined to get down to the paſſage-houſe to breakfaſt, that I might be waiting at the place where I could have leaſt cauſe to charge myſelf with neglect.

So I mounted my horſe, and proceeded part of my way out of town; but conſidering that I was equipped with an improper covering for a roll of papers, of ſome importance, which I had

had before me; and recollecting alſo, that I am in my own perſon but a low and inſignificant figure of a man, it ſeemed politic, and perhaps under ſome reſtrictions an allowable part of the policy of this world, to have the greater care of my exterior, leſt I ſhould be ill received in the way in which I ſhould go; I therefore determined to buy ſome different and more decent kind of covering for my papers.

In this inſtance the full idea of uſefulneſs alſo came in aid of my ſelf-love and my pride, (if any of my readers will think they belong to me) and reconciled me to parting with half a crown, without much reproach from my conſcience. The ſhop which I firſt fingled out, in one of thoſe moments of inconſideration which I have ſo many thouſand times detected myſelf in paſſing, was a trunk-maker's. The maſter came to the door with his hammer in his hand, and expectation full in his face, to enquire into the nature of my wants. By that time I had begun to reflect, ſitting on my horſe, upon the ill choice I had made; and was reaſoning on the unelaſtic nature of wood, and the improbability of meeting with any thing fit for my

purpoſe, among the materials of which trunks are compoſed.

Wood was ſoon out of the queſtion, and my attention was turned to ſomething elſe. The tradeſman was evidently a man of buſineſs, and one who, on moſt occaſions, would prefer taking the ready money to almoſt any good, real or imaginary; but whether it was from his own inward ſenſe of honour, or from a motive of regard to my ſimplicity, I cannot ſay, that he declined the opportunity of trading with me, and recommended me *to a ſaddler*. A ſaddler, thought I, may tell me with the intereſted wiſdom of the currier in the fable, who was for fortifying a town with his own manufacture, that "there is nothing like leather."

But after all, it muſt remain for experiment, whether a piece of oil-caſe, which may poſſibly be got with the expeditious aſſiſtance of a pair of ſciſſars, may not anſwer the end as well, and detain me leſs time. So I yielded to the token of an umbrella, which preſented itſelf over a door, and alighted for the article I was in purſuit of. It happened that the ſhop was kept by a well-

a well-favoured, middle-aged Welch-woman, near the age of forty. This is about the age moſt favourable for aſking queſtions of, and getting information from. For at this period of human life we generally find that knowledge, at leaſt of common things, eſpecially among perſons of good natural ſenſe, has attained almoſt its height. The levity of youth having commonly ſubſided, and the ſuperiority natural, and perhaps proper, to age, not having taken place, it may be ſuppoſed that readineſs of communication, and civility of condeſcenſion, may be found in their meridian. Certain, however, it was, that my new acquaintance (for I am much prone to make one at firſt ſight) had a great deal of apparent good-nature, and readineſs to oblige me. She was, indeed, of the very *ſize* of good-nature. I had the ſatisfaction of conſidering her as about one-fourth part, only, fatter and eaſier than myſelf; and therefore, that as, notwithſtanding all my warfare with this world, I am ſuppoſed to be rather increaſing than decreaſing in ſize, I pleaſed myſelf with the thoughts of ſoon being up to the notional mark, at which I might at leaſt ſet myſelf down as a good-natured man.

The oil-caſe, which was moſt likely to do beſt for me, and which, by the way, was the ſame ſort that ſhe often cut for the uſe of itinerant preachers, was placed at ſo inconvenient a height on the uppermoſt ſhelf of the ſhop, that ſhe was forced to clamber on to the counter to get at it. This effort was ineffectual in the outſet, but happily ſucceeded in the ſecond attempt—while I was in no ſmall pain, leſt the goodly Eliza, if that was her name, ſhould fall down from the counter, and bruiſe herſelf in my ſervice. All the aſſiſtance that propriety required, I lent, which enabled her to deſcend very decently, and I ſoon got accommodated to my liking.

I ſaid ſhe was a Welch-woman:—this came out by accident, in one of our firſt ſentences of converſation, and ſo I availed myſelf of the opportunity of enquiring, that I might be ſet right in a matter which various other informants had left doubtful, viz. which was my beſt road into South Wales, by the New or by the Old Paſſage? She recommended the New. I was diſpoſed to give credit to all ſhe ſaid, being perſuaded ſhe wiſhed to be my friend.

friend. Thus I at length got the better of my veneration for antiquity, and relinquiſhed the idea of croſſing at the Old Paſſage.

Having paid my money, and ſtrapped on my newly-mounted luggage, I was taking a very civil leave of Eliza, thanking her for her aſſiſtance, when I diſcovered in her a glimpſe of a quality, which I wiſh ſhe had concealed till I had been gone; for I never like to make new diſcoveries of imperfection in women.

In return for my cuſtom, ſhe enlarged her thanks by telling me that ſhe ſhould be glad to ſerve any of my friends, many of whom ſhe had already the pleaſure to ſupply; for that though Mrs. ——, her predeceſſor in trade, had uſed her extremely ill, and was a moſt undeſerving woman, yet the people who knew circumſtances were the more inclined to favour *her*, as a balance for the ill-uſage it was ſo well known ſhe had met with.

The words themſelves I could readily have diſregarded, had not a tincture of unfiſterly reſentment and malignity eſcaped from her eyes

eyes at the laſt moment, and proclaimed her *unforgiving!*

But where, alas! ſaid I, inwardly, ſhall we go from the preſence of complaint, amidſt the frailty and perverſeneſs of poor human nature? Even in the breaſt of this well-favoured, apparently happy, and unſuſpected Eliza, among the unhappy millions of more ſuſpicious appearance, does the "leaven of malice" inſidiouſly dwell.

To *forget injuries*, is undoubtedly a hard leſſon; but ſurely there is a poſſibility of *forgiving* at leaſt!

With ſuch thoughts as theſe, as I mounted my horſe, I could not help adverting to the happier habits, in ſome reſpects, of "the "beaſts that periſh;" which gave for the time a new glow of approbation of the good creature, which was to aid my travels. "My "faithful, uncomplaining, and ever-grateful "ſteed, ſaid I, *we*, at leaſt, will purſue our "journey quietly together, and keep company "with peace wherever we can find her!"

Having

Having found my right way out of the city, with ſenſations of pleaſure which a lover of the fair and quiet knows how to feel at taking leave of ſmoke and buſtle, I was of courſe ſoon pleaſantly landed on that noble, delightful, champaign elevation, called *Durdham-down*.

Here, with new vigour of conception, as if inſpired by the peculiarities of the ſpot, and the purity of the atmoſphere, I began to anticipate the poſſible pleaſures of a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, over ground, and amidſt objects which I had never yet ſeen—and the ſpeculations to be derived from converſation with people whoſe way of living, and whoſe manners, I had been taught to believe would be almoſt new to me.

A picture of pleaſure more lively, becauſe more paſſionate, might poſſibly have been formed in ſuch a ſituation, about the twelfth year of my age, when I remember to have imbibed, like many of our children, the very ſpirit of adventure, from Robinſon Cruſoe, and more real travellers into the remote parts of the globe. But it requires much experience of the difficulties

difficulties of the world, and a courſe of obſervation on the ſource and ſpring of happineſs and miſery, as connected with propriety or folly, for a man to have the power of ſeriouſly propoſing to himſelf an intellectual entertainment, ſubſervient to laſting happineſs, from mixing with new ſcenes of human nature, and human aſſociation.

I mention this intellectual ſubject, as the moſt intereſting, to a ſerious and ſeriouſly-ſpeculative traveller, becauſe though external proſpects of land and ſea, and the endleſs variety of landſcape, which the face of the globe exhibits, are ſubjects that cannot eſcape the obſervation, and even the admiration of an obſerving perſon, and therefore will be expected in this account; yet are they to be conſidered as inferior in their tendency to affect profitably the human mind.

We all know that a hill is a hill, immovable in itſelf, and for the moſt part unchangeable in its height. A valley remains a valley of the ſame declination and extent; and the river that runs through it, though the moſt active object of

of the ſcene, has commonly the ſame appearance from year to year, and generally produces a ſimilar train of merely pleaſant, but unanimating ideas.

A general ſpirit of admiration, and devotion towards the Supreme Architect of the earth and the heavens, may indeed be quickened by obſervations on ſuch objects, in a pious and good mind; but, perhaps, the ſame, or an equally happy, effect may be produced in ſuch a mind, from a more minute contemplation on the ſmaller and more curious ſubjects of creation and providence. Or, if greatneſs of object—the ſublime, more than the beautiful—be ſubſervient to the moſt profitable affection of the mind; we may, perhaps, very ſafely conclude, that the aſſiſtance of ſome of the ſublime paſſages of holy writ may be more effectual to the end, after all, than the moſt copious obſervation to which our organ of ſenſe can help us.

What actual ſurvey of landſcape, and the ſtarry heavens, can awaken in our minds ideas more lively, grand, and ſolemn, than ſuch expreſſions

expreſſions as theſe of the Royal Pſalmiſt? "The heavens declare the glory of God, and "the firmament ſheweth his handy works." "When I conſider thy heavens—the work of "thy fingers—the moon and the ſtars which "thou haſt ordained—what is man, that thou "art mindful of him, and the ſon of man, "that thou viſiteſt him!"

But to return to my cogitations on the down.———

THE REVERIE.

THOUGH I may repreſent myſelf as a being much prone to the love of ſolitude, I am yet conſcious of a love of ſociability and communication. In this ſituation, I began to reflect on the comparative advantages and diſadvantages of lonely or ſocial travelling. It ſo happened, at leaſt for that time, that the balance of convenience and pleaſure turned in favour of a companion. But companion I had none; and the chance of my meeting with one to my liking, was to be conſidered as againſt me; on which account

account it came into my imagination to ſuppoſe myſelf, at leaſt in ſome parts of my journey, as in the company of ſome *ideal* perſon, who might receive my reflections, and make ſome returns of ſentiment. But how was the difficulty of procuring ſuch a perſon to be ſurmounted?

How circumſcribed, and yet how various and extenſive are the powers of the human mind! Imagination had ſoon formed a being, about my own age, unaccuſtomed, indeed, to the converſe of men, from education and habit —being a ſtranger in a ſtrange land; but with a maturity of judgment, and a ſtrength and livelineſs of imagination, equal to my wiſhes— and a ſuſceptibility of friendſhip and politeneſs, which might have rendered him a moſt intereſting aſſociate for ſuch a purpoſe. He took his *name* from the ſpot, and was called *Durdham*. But the formation, and management of an aërial *horſe*, or the oddity of making *Durdham* glide along without one, at the diſtance of about three feet from the ground, by my horſe's ſide, appeared, on reflection too whimſical to be perſiſted in, and therefore I abandoned the whole project, and determined to truſt to the occurrence

occurrence of incidents, and the ſpeculations of occaſional intercourſe, for amuſement and ſatisfaction.

I conſidered, that though I ſhould have to tread over ground, which many thouſands had trodden before me, and (if I ſhould attempt to deſcribe objects which were familiar to the eyes of Engliſhmen, and which had been repeatedly deſcribed) ſhould be repeating but parts of an old ſtory; yet as no two travellers will ever fall into preciſely the ſame circumſtances, or think exactly the ſame through the millions of combinations which preſent themſelves to the imagination, every writer muſt neceſſarily ſay ſome *new* things—thus was I ſtill further encouraged to realize my project of attempting a *Sentimental Tour*.

Juſt as my mind was made up on the ſubject, I found myſelf approaching two objects of ſimilar appearance, which ſeemed to have ſomething of the aſpect of two warriors advancing to combat, only that their arms were ſtretched different ways, and I could perceive no motion. Had the knight of La Mancha

Mancha been in my ſituation, even unattended by his ſquire, and had had in his brain no other female grievance to rectify, than the wrongs of the poor diſcontented *Eliza* whom I had ſo lately left; it ſeems almoſt certain that he muſt here have found an opportunity of making trial of his proweſs, and would undoubtedly have come off with more triumph than at his firſt engagement with the *wind-mills:* for, on a nearer inſpection, I found the objects before me were only two wooden giants, about twelve feet high, having each a moſt grim viſage, but turned almoſt back to back, and only ſtationed there to direct travellers to the different paſſages.

THE NEW PASSAGE.

I came hither with a keen appetite for my breakfaſt, and in good time for ſufficient leiſure to eat it, the boat having been ſometime gone, and not expected to return for ſeveral hours; ſo I ſat down, got ſome refreſhment, and employed myſelf afterwards in commencing theſe memoirs, and in walking on the beach: the excellent gravel here thrown up by the tide,

tide, as on many other ſhores, makes a moſt pleaſant walk;—the freſh air from the water is enlivening, and a moſt agreeable recreation to the ſpirits, of thoſe eſpecially who are accuſtomed to the ſtagnated and unwholeſome air of ſuch a city as Briſtol;—Durdham-down delights and animates; but the beach at the paſſage completes the advantage and rational amuſement of a day's excurſion, which may be ſet down as one of the local privileges of ſuch of the citizens of Briſtol as have leiſure for healthful and innocent recreation.

The ſhore is very barren of ſhells, or of any intereſting marine production, ſave only one kind of broad-leaved weed—the Quercus Marinus, or ſea-oak, from which is produced *kelp*, uſed in the manufactory of glaſs. This weed, or plant, is here found in great plenty, and however common the property of its *apparent* growth, out of a ſolid ſtone, or rather pebble, it is not the leſs curious on that account. To a perſon who ſhould never have had an opportunity of obſerving a plant growing to the length of two or more feet, branching out into various parts and leaves, full of vegetable juice,

and

and all ſuſtained apparently from its root, a ſolid pebble, about the ſize of an egg, (which is the caſe of the plant in queſtion) it muſt appear altogether an incredible deſcription!*

But to one accuſtomed to obſerve and to conſider the ſport of nature, both in the animal and vegetable worlds, though every new figure and property excite obſervation and reflection, yet is there nothing philoſophically ſtrange or wonderful. Such a perſon can as eaſily conceive it practicable for the Supreme Being, who orders all the poſſibilities of things without limit and without labour, to cauſe hardneſs to be the apparent production of ſoftneſs, as ſoftneſs to be that of hardneſs! Neither indeed is either leſs accountable than the common operation of nature, in the growth of a blade of graſs, or the ſmalleſt flower of the field, from the ſuppoſed influence of ſome

* It is ſaid, however, in reality, not to be ſo much a growth of the plant out of a ſtone, or from any earthy ſubſtance contained in it, as a ſurpriſingly ſtrong adheſion of a part of the weed to the pebble, or a cloſe injection of the part into a ſmall cavity thereof; but ſo cloſe is it, that much exertion of ſtrength is required to ſeparate thoſe bodies; and it is ſeldom, indeed, done but by breaking off.

of the elements upon the others! All is equally wonderful, and ſurpaſſing our comprehenſion! Every moment's contemplation may confirm our belief in this; and the more we accuſtom ourſelves to indulge ſuch reflections, the better and more obedient ſubjects ſhall we be, of a *Creator*, of infinite power, and infinite operation!

To take every occaſion, then, of fixing the judgment in the importance of ſuch mental habits, is no improper digreſſion in the narration of either great or ſmall *Travels*.

The entertainment at the houſe, here, is, generally ſpeaking, very comfortable, and the charge moderate. Appertaining to the inn, at a ſmall diſtance from it, is a building, containing ſeveral rooms for entertainment, on the brow of the channel, and commanding a moſt beautiful view of the oppoſite ſhore in Wales—the Severn on the one hand, and the ſouth opening to the channel on the other; which, with the frequent view of veſſels ſailing in and out, and the variety of ſmall craft moving in all directions, furniſhes a picture, in a clear day, exceedingly lively and pleaſing.

THE BOAT.

About four o'clock P. M. notice was given of the boat being ready to put off, and our company aſſembled to the number of about twenty human beings, and ten or a dozen horſes.

A paſſage-boat is one of thoſe general receptacles, which puts one moſt in mind of Noah's ark, and has the moſt immediate tendency to excite reflections on the heterogeneous qualities of animal beings, jumbled together on one common bottom of danger and dependence. On this occaſion, as perhaps is the caſe in every aſſembly of human beings upon every occaſion, we ſeemed to be as many diſtinct characters as perſons. And the ſhort ſpace of half an hour, which we ſpent under ſail together, ſeemed to be employed in a kind of ſpeculation into each other's rank, diſpoſitions, courage, deſigns, &c. &c.; and for a few moments at leaſt, one might enjoy the pleaſure of obſerving ſome rude tokens of belief in the providence of the great Ruler of winds and waters, even in the face of a Welch drover, or a poor wandering pedlar!

Oaths, even among the boatmen themſelves, were held in a momentary ſuſpence; and a pauſe of vulgarity led one to contemplate an approaching period, when the poor vitiated human mind ſhould drop into a final conſciouſneſs of its own helpleſſneſs, and its only reſource in the mercy and clemency of an eternal and omniſcient judge! To Him alone, who is omniſcient, it can be known how far any new and tranſient impreſſions of this kind may be made ſubſervient to any degree of reformation, and fitneſs for that final *mercy*, without which the beſt, any more than the worſt of men, muſt be for ever miſerable, in an abyſs more formidable and alarming than that of the fountain of waters!

It is at leaſt the indiſpenſible duty of all who can feel the force of ſuch reflections, in ſuch a ſituation, to manifeſt a gravity of mind, which, while it may be conducive to home-felt benefit, may diffuſe, if poſſible, its influence to the irreverent and the daring. And ſo far as this ſhall be happily the caſe, a ſilent ſtranger on his way may diſembark, even from a Welch paſſage-boat, with a ſecret hope that thoſe

thoſe moments of his voyage and journey of life, may not have been ſpent altogether in vain!

WALES.

BEING ſafely diſcharged by our mariners, on to the rocks of the Welch territories, I mounted my horſe, and entered the road which was to carry me to Haverfordweſt, (the extent of my projected journey) ſtill anticipating new ſcenes, new manners, and new converſations. Reader, perhaps thou haſt felt them before me, and then any further deſcription of mine may be the leſs neceſſary.

The traveller is no ſooner a mile or two on his way, than he fancies he begins to ſee ſome difference between the culture of that country which he has left, and this. A general view of a tolerable cultivation, however, continues; and he hopes, by the prevailing force of his nature, (which generally points to better views and realities of things) that another mile, or another league, will preſent him with ſomething which ſhall gratify his curioſity, and

compenſate his labours! Nor indeed will he in theſe parts find himſelf altogether diſappointed; for though, as he advances, he muſt abate in his hopes of an improving agriculture, he will be well pleaſed with many views of the Welch paſturage, and the attention of the people, eſpecially through Glamorganſhire, to the propagation and increaſe of horned cattle, conducive in a high degree to the comfortable ſubſiſtence of any country.

He may conſider it as a region of healthful milk, and have the continual idea of innumerable caſks of butter for foreign ſupply, while the appropriated corn-fields are at leaſt ſufficient for home conſumption. But the obſervation of a ſtranger is ſoon drawn to mountains, which, though not yet enormous, are ſtriking; and to towns, villages, hamlets, and cottages; "and ever and anon," as *Dyer* ſays,

"Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls;"

the remains of old caſtles and ruined places of reſiſtance, in the ruder times of the ancient Britons.

The firſt ſingle object which I think materially attracts notice on this road, is a very

pretty, well-deſigned new houſe, ſituated in a "woody valley, warm, and low," by the road ſide, leading to Newport, and about three miles from the Paſſage. This houſe is unfiniſhed in its out-parts, but ſurrounded with a garden, prettily diſpoſed and embelliſhed. The whole was to be let, having never been yet inhabited: its ſize may be ſufficient for the comfortable reſidence of an Engliſh Baronet; moſt certainly large enough for any genteel family, with a ſuite of as many ſervants as a wiſe man would wiſh to keep.

My curioſity led me to enquire of a gentleman whom I met in the neighbourhood, what he thought ſuch a ſeat would let for in ſuch a ſituation? He replied, "O, Sir, about ſixteen "or twenty pounds a year!" Such an amazing difference in the value of houſes within the ſpace of twenty or thirty miles, and the cheapneſs of proviſions which the very name of Wales is ſuppoſed to convey the idea of, had a momentary, but not unnatural influence, of the romantick kind, on my mind; and I had almoſt ſeated myſelf in the rural elegance of this very ſpot, enjoying the balm of life on the

the moſt eaſy terms! Reader, again, for I ſhall often have occaſion to addreſs myſelf to thy weaker, as well as wiſer feelings—do not thou accuſe me of enthuſiaſm—recur to thy own experience, and be convicted of having thyſelf made ſimilar ſallies of imagination, equally "baſeleſs as the fabric of a viſion!" And while we feel our weakneſs together, let us learn to make all the due allowances to our fellow-beings, for thoſe mental infirmities which ſome of them may be leſs ſucceſsful than ourſelves in correcting!

Admoniſhed, as I now find myſelf, on my firſt flight of imaginary happineſs abroad, from ſeriouſly attributing the conſtituents of real pleaſure to a new and romantic ſcene, I muſt endeavour to preſerve the proper degree of attachment to my native land: the proper degree of that *philoſophic* and *chriſtian* attachment, to the ſpot from whence I came, which the connections and the duties I have left require; and, laſtly, which may ſerve to render my return to them more pleaſing than my departure from them! For though the realms of recruit and exhilaration may be found abroad,

abroad, the *ſeat* of happineſs muſt ever be fixed at home.

NEWPORT.

THE firſt *town* that preſents itſelf on this road, is the old and very conſiderable market-town of Newport, ſituated at the end of a fifteen mile ſtage, and on the bank of the river *Uſke*, over which we paſs into it, by a very long and ſpacious wooden bridge, railed on either ſide; it has one ſtrong ſtone arch or pile in the centre, which may be thought neceſſary to give ſufficient ſtrength to ſo long a ſtructure. Having put up my horſe, I was impelled by curioſity to examine the *firſt* Welch caſtle a traveller meets with on this road; for a pretty ſtriking ruin of this kind, which he ſees to the left, ſome miles before he enters Newport, he muſt paſs by, on account of the inconvenience of the road to it, and the length of this firſt ſtage.

The ruins of the caſtle of this town are by no means inconſiderable. The walls that remain are

are in a pretty ſound ſtate, but moſt complete towards the river. There is one gothick arch entire, opening with a ſlope down to the water, which, at the top of the tide, is ſufficiently high to admit boats of conſiderable burthen to moor and unload under the caſtle wall. This muſt have been very uſeful to the occupiers in the time of the proſperity of the place, and might even now render the ſpot a moſt eligible one for buſineſs, with a little expence of warehouſe building.

But perhaps, if a perſon of ſufficient ſpirit were to convert the ſcite of this ruin, with the ſurrounding walls of the quadrangle, into an Inn, the venerable front towards the river, a little enlivened by a few modern windows, and the offices towards the town being ſuitably arranged, there would be exhibited one of the moſt pleaſing and convenient places of accommodation that can well be imagined.

But I have no claim to the credit of this idea, if any credit be due to it; the thought having been ſuggeſted by my guide, who was the landlord of the Inn where I had ſet up; and

and who, perhaps, like ſome other people in the world, might have a better theory of improvement abroad, than practice of it in his own houſe. This I do not mean as any reflection upon him in particular; for though he was a home-ſpun plain man, his accommodations were in general ſufficient, and his manners kind; but nature is often prone to ſpeculate in improvements where they leaſt concern us—and after all, as to the elegance of Inns, (a thing ſeldom found to a fault in Wales) if a traveller be ſufficiently hungry and weary, he will be better refreſhed, and comforted by internal cleanlineſs, and kind faces, than by any exterior magnificence or ſhew. A ſweet morſel, and a clean warm bed, are all that his reaſonable wants require—pilgrim of a day as he is!

The little port of this town is of ſome note in the article of ſhip-building; the dock-yard is open, but commodious, and at this time there was a very ſtrong and good trading veſſel on the ſtocks, juſt ready for launching; ſhe ſeemed about five hundred tons burden, and very handſomely finiſhed. While I conſidered,

on

on one hand, the declenſion of the principality in the magnificence of its land buildings, it was amuſing to obſerve on the other, what advances had been made among this people, in a different art, ſince thoſe days when the navigation from iſland to iſland, and from one ſmall port to another, was carried on in little frames, or boats, of pliable wood, covered with hides.

Having taken my firſt repaſt in Wales, about ſix in the evening, I ſet forward for Cardiff, where I intended to ſleep.

CARDIFF.

ABOUT nine o'clock I made my entrance into this town, after having narrowly miſſed getting into ſundry croſs roads, and thereby far away into a wrong quarter of the country; for the roads in general are ſo good, that a traveller, who has more uſe of his eyes than I have, may often be under a difficulty in chooſing the high-road from the croſs one. But having eſcaped error, however narrowly, I had at leaſt as good a right as many religioniſts and traffickers of this world, to conſider myſelf as providentially

providentially proſpered, and to congratulate myſelf accordingly. Far be it from me to inſinuate, by this remark, the leaſt impropriety in conſidering all good events, however ſmall, as under the direction of a wiſe and merciful providence; on the contrary, I truſt no principle of religion or of philoſophy is more clear and certain; but I truſt the religious and philoſophic reader will admit my opinion, that much error and ſelf-complaiſance is too often cheriſhed, under the notion of a Divine Providence being extended to thoſe events which are deemed favourable, becauſe pleaſant in themſelves; while the providential *good* of *diſappointment* and *ſuffering* is too little regarded, and too ſeldom conſidered as coming from a merciful and good ſource.

At Newport I had been ſtrongly recommended, by maſter and man at the Inn, to make my quarters at the Red Houſe at Cardiff, which I accordingly thought of doing, having no liking to contradiction, and being generally diſpoſed to give credit to all ranks of people for friendly intentions towards me, till I find them actually in roguery, and myſelf under the diſadvantage

diſadvantage of it. Then I conſole myſelf as well as I can, and conclude, that though ſuch may not be a diſpoſition the beſt to live by in *this world*; yet may it be no impediment to the enjoyment and ſecurity of another, into which, alas! we had better think of ſoon entering, than ſpend our time very anxiouſly in aiding or counter-working the plots of this.

But not to ſpend time in digreſſing, for the ſake of reflections which every one knows ſo much better than he practiſes; I began to think, as I entered this town, *for why*, as an Iriſhman would ſay, I ſhould *be after being ſent* to this *Red Houſe?* I had indeed been told, that it was better than any other; but turning the ſubject over in my mind, I conſidered, that it was not only incompatible with that variety which a traveller has a right to ſeek, always to be ſent among the beſt things, and at the ſame time favours but ill of chriſtian mortification to indulge in them. Moreover, that a ſecond, or a third-rate houſe *muſt* be ſupported, and perhaps may as well deſerve it as the firſt. Laſtly, that ſuch a houſe would be moſt likely to comport with the mediocrity of

of my ſtation at home. For I hold it proper, that, when a man gets abroad where he is not known, he ſhould not aſſume a character which his rank or talents are not equal to, or which his finances cannot well warrant.

It may be objected, that a common man will find himſelf obliged to pay as much at a ſmall houſe of accommodation, as at an elegant one; but if by chuſing the former, he contributes to the ſupport of a leſs proſperous family, and brings himſelf into habits of humility, two points of ſome importance will at leaſt be ſecured.

I had another, perhaps a more ſentimental, if not a more uſeful reaſon for chuſing a different houſe. *Red* is no favourite colour of mine, either in animated or ſtill life. And I have a natural or acquired ſtrong diſlike to any thing which has a tendency to excite ideas of the fiery, martial, or ſanguinary kind. At evening eſpecially, when the toil of the day is over-paſt, ſuch beings as we are ſhould betake ourſelves to the mild, the ſocial, the benevolent, the devotional, pleaſures of ſociety—capable

ble as they are in this world of being made half-celeſtial!

THE ANGEL.

FOR the ſeveral foregoing reaſons, I determined, as I rode into Cardiff, to avoid the *Red Houſe*. On enquiry I found there was another Inn, the door of which was pointed out to me, and I had juſt moon-light enough to perceive a figure, having a pair of unnatural wings, and uſually termed an *Angel*, over it. The firſt object that attracted my notice, as I rode into the yard, was my landlady; ſhe was about thirty years of age, of a very agreeable delicacy in her general appearance, and modeſtly dreſſed in white. Through the glaſs her look was juſt what it ſhould be, to recommend her houſe; which, by the bye, was ſufficiently large and good to pleaſe any traveller below a proud man, or a modern fine lady.

The clatter of my horſe on the ſtones ſoon brought her out of the bar with a candle in her hand, and with an air of the moſt ready attention.

attention. I watched well the effect of the firſt glance ſhe got at me—not without a wiſh, which ſome may think a vain one, that ſhe might be as well pleaſed with me, as I was with her. Moreover, I always make much account of firſt impreſſions, and unguarded influences of the heart on the countenance.

Nature will always tell us truth, if we will but attend to her time and manner of ſpeaking. And though ſhe may ſometimes tell us a diſagreeable truth, it is better for us to have a genuine than a diſguiſed language. The firſt language of this woman's countenance, to me, was leſs agreeable than I had really promiſed myſelf: it was ſomething of the look contemptuous. She might take me for a knight of the ſaddle-bags, at leaſt, if not, wrapped up as I was, for a knight of a more whimſical order. But ſhe ſoon proved herſelf a woman of diſcretion;—and by the time I had given the hoſtler directions for taking care of my horſe, ſhe had gathered up her countenance into a frame of greater reſpect towards me. Juſt at that time a traveller, who ſeemed to have been recommended much in the ſame

manner as myſelf, came up to the ſpot, and by way of rendering himſelf an agreeable gueſt to our hoſteſs, told her that he "had been directed "to the *Red Houſe*; but finding there was an "Angel in town, he was come to her."

It will be readily ſuppoſed, that ſhe did not like him the worſe, and that ſhe ſhould throw ſome expreſſions of inward pleaſure into her anſwer;—that, *ſhe hoped, he would have no reaſon to repent his choice.* I grew pleaſed with the courteſy of the woman, was perſuaded we ſhould like each other ſtill better, and directly ſet her down in my mind by the name of *Angelina.*

We went together into the bar to talk about ſupper, which I had half a mind to propoſe eating with her on the ſpot; but not knowing whether ſhe was well or ill-huſbanded, or how the etiquette of the houſe ſtood, I accepted her offer of ſhewing me into another room. As we parted for that time, I had ſome reflections of the uneaſy kind about her, occaſioned by my having remarked the diſagreeable connection which ſome women in her ſtation, who

are

are in themſelves the pictures of decency and good-nature, are obliged to maintain for years together, with huſbands of groſs unwieldy paunches and carbuncled faces—the pictures of intemperance and debauch!

My wiſhes in favour of *Angelina* were not vain; for when her huſband came in view, he appeared a temperate, well-proportioned, civil man, calculated to give the example of order and decency in his houſe. Before I entered the parlour, I had made up my mind to the ſpending of a lonely hour, and perhaps continuing theſe memoirs, for the poſſible entertainment of ſome few intimate friends, who, as all cannot go abroad together, were obliged to ſtay at home. But no ſooner was the door opened, than a traveller, who had juſt ſupped, roſe from his ſeat, and ſaluted me very familiarly, "How do you do, Mr. *M*——?" "I "am glad to ſee you ſo opportunely, for I ex- "pected to ſpend the evening alone, &c." So much, ſaid I to myſelf, for promiſed ſolitude, and writing for the entertainment of friends!

After ſpending an hour in common-place converſation, about a multitude of common matters of fact, which we both knew alike, and about which no new ideas were to be expected, my companion withdrew, and I began a continuation of my journal; but conſidering that by my writing long I might keep the fair *Angelina* out of bed, and intrude on the order of the family, I ſoon put up my papers, and went to reſt. I ſlept well, and ſo ſoundly, as to defeat my purpoſe of an early departure in the morning, not waking till near eight o'clock, though I had given orders for my horſe to be got ready at ſix.

I was preparing to depart for *Cowbridge* to breakfaſt, when, lo! a ſmall rencounter took place between me and the chamber-maid. I had ſatisfied all other demands upon me without having remembered her; but, according to the cuſtom of the ſiſterhood, ſhe took care to give me the timely morning attendance, with the token of a curtſey. A chamber-maid's fee, I ſuppoſe, is no fixed ſum, but varies, perhaps, according to the kind and degree of accommodation and pleaſure afforded the traveller.

veller. For my part I had been accuſtomed, time immemorial, to give the fixed, reputable ſtipend of ſix-pence: that being the ſum, which, according to my eſtimation, is equitably adapted to all needful labour and decency in blankets and bedding. And on the whole, whenever I have met with modeſt and reaſonable females, in that ſtation, I have found them generally ſatisfied with my pay.

[I would here ſet down, however, in a parentheſis, that an old travelling debauchee, or any kind of immodeſt fool, who ſeeks a mean and vulgar gratification at the expence of the modeſty of girls continually expoſed to their wantonneſs, ought in juſtice to be heavily taxed in the morning.]

On this occaſion I had put my hand into my pocket for the ſix pence, but could not find one, half-a-guinea being the ſmalleſt money I had left. On making this diſcovery, I addreſſed myſelf to the conſcience of *Abigail*, querying whether ſhe would not rather remit her fee of ſix-pence, than take the whole half uinea of a traveller whom ſhe might never

ſee again? The girl, with more Cambrian archneſs than I had thought her capable of, replied, that *if I had no objection as to the value, ſhe had none to the colour!* On farther ſearch, however, I found an odd ſix-pence in a remote corner of my pocket, and thus got rid of the difficulty.

Juſt at this moment *Angelina* entered the room, with much courteſy and kindneſs, to enquire how I had ſlept. I could not, both from motives of juſtice and gratitude, but praiſe her bedding and accommodations. She hoped, ſhe ſaid, to ſee me again on my return, but ſtill looked on my ſaddle-bags as though curious to know whether I was or was not one of the travelling order I before alluded to? I told her, in anſwer to her unaſked queſtion, that I was not—that I was a traveller of a particular deſcription, whoſe object was information of different kinds. But that ſhe might be ſure I ſhould not forget to make proper mention of the comfortable accommodation ſo agreeably afforded at her houſe. That I muſt now depart a ſolitary being as I came; and yet I would not have her ſuppoſe that I was ſo

deſpiſed

deſpiſed in my own country as that no-body would travel with me. For that I had actually had two different offers from two ladies, to be my companions in this excurſion; but then, ſaid I, they were other men's wives, and therefore, for reaſons of propriety, not to be choſen.

"Certainly not," ſaid *Angelina*; "I have "but three weeks entered into the married "ſtate, but I ſeriouſly think that we married "women are always moſt properly ſituated "with our own huſbands:"—"True," ſaid I, "and you will generally find all the ſatisfaction "which aſſociated nature can furniſh, in that "ſociety. By the endearing attachments of "domeſtic intercourſe, you are continually "winning and binding our hearts. So, adieu, "*Angelina*—we cannot part with ſentiments of "a more uſeful tendency than theſe—that the "connections and aſſociations of life make "much of the ſubſtance of our happineſs or "miſery, for this and a future world; and that "they who indulge in pleaſure to the extreme "of virtue, will be in danger of breaking into "the borders of vice."

Departing

Departing from Cardiff, I enquired after the ſituation of their caſtle, which I found to be at the extremity of the town. It was newly fitted up, and preſented a very handſome ſide weſtward—the turrets, battlements, and windows, being made complete. In compariſon of ſome buildings of the ſame kind in Wales, this caſtle may not be called large; but it is a very conſiderable edifice, and, much to the reputation for taſte of the preſent proprietor Lord *Cardiff*, otherwiſe *Mount Stewart*, is now apparently made—what many caſtles in this country might be—a neat, and at the ſame time, a ſubſtantial and venerable habitation, giving the beholder more the idea, than any modern edifice can do, of the antiquity of family, and durable importance of the poſſeſſor. And if alſo accompanied with that hoſpitality which formerly characteriſed our ancient nobility, when they dwelt as princes in their reſpective diſtricts, leaving out (as may now be done with ſecurity) the incumbrance, expence, and terror of armed men and fortification, would add much to the dignified appearance and importance of a country life. While ſuch a ſtile of living, oppoſed as it might be to frivolous

frivolous and foolish scenes of dissipation, would become subservient to general happiness and real pleasure.

A traveller through Wales, if he carry with him any taste for natural grandeur and beauty, must be charmed beyond what he can easily conceive possible, with the variously picturesque scenes which the principality exhibits, as he pursues his journey along the road down to the western extremity.

Between Cardiff and Cowbridge he will pass over two eminences in particular, which will engage his notice and admiration—they are both sublime elevations; but it must be left to the judgment and the fancy of the beholder, to determine for himself, which is the most delightful and charming in extensiveness and variety of prospect. I might describe on such occasions as these the situations of places seen at immense distances, the risings and bearings of prodigious mountains—the variety of slope, valley, river, grove, precipice, and ruined castles, with a thousand peculiarities of the place; but the groupe, in such cases, is generally

rally too complicated to be taken into the mind of a *reader*. When a traveller comes to the ſpot, let him examine, and admire for himſelf, if he has any taſte in him; if not, he would derive very little advantage from a book.

Hence it is to be accounted for, that my remarks, as I go along this journey, are moſtly of the ſentimental kind. For if a man write, he ſhould make what he writes, whether for publick or private reading, as intereſting as he can. New things are in ſome degree intereſting, on account of their novelty; and the more ſo if attended with circumſtances of inſtruction, caution, and rational amuſement in common life. It is the buſineſs of the writer to write according to his conceptions; and that of his reader, to judge and be pleaſed, or otherwiſe, as he can.

COWBRIDGE.

At Cardiff I had been recommended again, to one particular houſe at Cowbridge, for refreſhment; but as I am always confident, on the

the ground of thirty years experience, that I ſhall find more refreſhment every where than I deſerve, I pay but little attention to ſuch recommendations; ſo, in this inſtance, I forgot the ſign; I had, however, no ſooner entered the town, than I was ſtruck with the terrific and unnatural appearance of three creatures, ſuſpended in the air, viz. a Bear, a Green Dragon, and a Spread Eagle. Which was now to be choſen of all theſe ſigns, as moſt favourable to peaceable eating and drinking—was the queſtion.

The Green Dragon I had a prepoſſeſſion againſt, of more than twenty years ſtanding, becauſe I once remembered its being a ſign uſed at a houſe of ill-fame, remarkable for its vulgarity and wretchedneſs. The creature itſelf too, whether naturally or artificially green, I have always conſidered as one of the moſt unpleaſing, as bearing no ſmall reſemblance of thoſe forms by which the paſſions of diabolical nature are ſometimes repreſented in the plates of *Milton*, and other writers on infernal ſubjects. Therefore, if I might not by any rule of analogy conſider a Green Dragon as emblematical

tical of lewdneſs, I had ſufficient reaſon for avoiding it.

But, as General *Wolfe* ſaid, in his letter from the plains of Montmorenci, I had nothing but "a choice of Difficulties." The Spread Eagle was a creature ſurely of ſome monſtrous imagination, and therefore might be indicative of ſomething which I would wiſh to avoid, either in the general order of the houſe, or the particular caſt of mind, which might have determined the landlord's choice of ſuch a monſtrous ſymbol.

The Bear was an ungraceful creature, little allied to the hoſpitable, the kind, or the ſentimental. But as I had often ſeen the original, like this copy, in chains, and experienced no hurt from his growling, I determined to venture into the cave of this Bear for a breakfaſt.

Here I may not improperly give my reader a little moral leſſon of encouragement, for the general and diverſified journey of life, which is, that as difficult and ſometimes painful uncertainties will occur, he will do well always to

to endeavour, in every difficulty, to make ſuch a choice as on the whole ſhall appear the beſt, and leave the event; which will often turn out more happily than he could have conceived, by the exerciſe of thoſe faculties, which cannot diſcern the inviſible connection of cauſe and effect, in the preſent time, or the ſecrets of futurity. Thus it fared with me, in the ſmall occurrence of my preſent ſubject. And may we not look with confidence on the providential order of things, in proportion as our ſituation and circumſtances become important reſpecting our ſafety and happineſs?

It happened, that in this Inn I fell under the protection of an hoſt, who was brother to *Angelina*'s huſband at Cardiff, and who had alſo juſt taken to himſelf a wife; this he told me as a collateral branch of anſwers to ſome queſtions which I had propoſed to him; not from any officious deſire of communication, but ſo the thing fell out. I have always an ear ready to hear a pleaſant ſtory, or an agreeable proſpect in this world of trouble, and could not but feel a ſecret and ſympathetic pleaſure with this new adventurer in the holy ſtate

ſtate of matrimony, and its views and hopes. But let me, ſaid I, be introduced to the good woman! He conducted me to her, with the frankneſs of a man, not aſhamed of the choice he had made. And indeed he had no reaſon. But finding two young marriageable, if not married, females inſtead of one, I aſked with my uſual freedom, which I was to conſider as the happy bond-woman of the family? The conſcious one ſimpered, and bluſhed an anſwer to my queſtion, while the unbounden little candidate laughed ought-right. It was not the laugh of ridicule upon her poor ſiſter; but, as implanted in ſpontaneous nature, the pleaſant token of an anticipation of her own future adventures and felicity.

"Dear, unſorrowed, and unpolluted inno-
"cence," ſaid I in my heart, "mayeſt thou
"fall into no harder captivity than thy ſiſter
"has done before thee. Mayeſt thou never,
"unleſs for thy greater good, hang the harp
"of thy cheerfulneſs upon the mournful wil-
"low of barbarian bondage—remember all the
"tenderneſſes of thy father's houſe—in a
"mournful

" mournful compariſon—and, inſtead of mak-
" ing merry, weep!"

She might be ſenſible, perhaps, in ſome degree, of the kindneſs that was paſſing in my mind towards her: at leaſt I looked as much of it into her eyes as I could; and our interview ended more in the ſentimental than it began, though without any profuſion of mere words, which are often but the froth of unfeeling or ill-affected hearts.

To my young landlady, I could not refrain from giving a few hints of ſome natural troubles and anxieties attendant on the ſtation ſhe had juſt entered into; but that every care was capable of being divided, and made tolerable, ſometimes even pleaſant, by thoſe who cultivated the growth of affection, and lived in the remembrance of the aſſiſting goodneſs of Heaven. Nor was this old-faſhioned doctrine received with an unſeemly levity, which, in the then preſent ſtate of my mind, might have hurt me, and have ſuggeſted diſcouragement from ſpeaking a language of ſobriety and truth. She felt the force of my words, and I believe

believe forwarded my coffee with ſentiments of particular gratitude.

When I ſpeak of *gratitude* in an Inn, I will not ſuppoſe my reader ſo prejudiced againſt Inn-keepers, eſpecially ſuch a woman as this, as to have adopted the vulgar notion, that in ſuch houſes all is ſelfiſhneſs, exaction, and compliment. No: I am perſuaded that where travellers behave as they ſhould, with becoming decency and reſpect, conſidering themſelves as travellers in the common journey of life, who ought to embrace every poſſible opportunity of pleaſing and being pleaſed, they will frequently find genuine diſcrimination and gratitude in ſuch houſes: more on account of their behaviour, I might perhaps ſay, chriſtian politeneſs, than their money.

But the unhappy wandering being, who embraces every opportunity of ſuppoſed authority, in houſes of this kind, to make war on the feelings and infirmities of human nature, though he may do it with common ſafety to his head and ſhoulders, which in other ſituations might pay for the inſults of his tongue,

yet

yet will he generally fail of that prompt attention and real return of good-nature and politeneſs, which a man of a better deſcription always excites, and which adds ſo agreeable a ſavour to the morſel he eats by the way. I was eating a very ſavoury breakfaſt, at this hoſpitable manſion, when, in the midſt of my repaſt, I recollected that I had forgotten to feed my horſe—who could not feed himſelf, and who had no kind landlady attentive to his wants. I left my meal unfiniſhed, and went to ſee him fed—mean time the waiter, concluding I had finiſhed my breakfaſt, cleared the table; and his miſtreſs, beginning her new employment with exemplary induſtry, had ſomehow diſpoſed of the remains of my coffee, and was waſhing up the china when I re-entered the houſe.

In the firſt moment of diſcovery, I naturally exclaimed for the remains of my breakfaſt, which excited no ſmall emotion in the tender boſom of my fair hoſteſs: ſhe pleaded, with evident anxiety, to be permitted to make me another pot of coffee; but I conſidered that by ſo doing ſhe would loſe her profit upon the

former one; and as the ſmall deficiency of breakfaſt was ſo well made up by kind attention and ſolicitude to oblige, I inſiſted on having nothing more. But this incident determined me in future to obſerve more cloſely the traveller's rule, "*always ſerve your horſe before yourſelf.*" Be thou congratulated, my honeſt beaſt, on thy maſter's miſhap, ſince it had a due tendency in thy favour!

FLOWERY GRAVES.

Leaving Cowbridge with ſentiments of pleaſure far more than of diſappointment, and wiſhing preſervation and comfort to my young landlady, through all the impending viciſſitudes of life, I proceeded on my way for *Swanſea*.

At *Pile*, where the traveller in this diſtance uſually ſtops to dinner, my attention was called to a ſcene entirely new to me, and, as I thought, of a very ſingular kind.

The church-yard of this village exhibited the appearance of a flower garden. On cloſer inſpection,

inſpection, I found that the ſpaces over moſt of the graves had been dug, very nicely raked, and planted with ſuch greens and flowers as the backwardneſs of the ſeaſon would allow of; theſe were moſtly the *box*, the *crocus*, and the roots of ſome few other ſpring-flowers. The box was planted round as edging, in the ſhape of the grave, and the flowers diſpoſed very prettily within-ſide. The grave-ſtones were waſhed at head and feet with white; and little paths of gravel or ſand, about twelve inches wide, made round them.

Curioſity was raiſed to the firſt poſſible enquiry into the hiſtory of this ſingular appearance. I was told that it was an annual practice for the ſurviving relatives of the deceaſed, eſpecially the women and children, thus to dreſs and ornament the graves of deceaſed friends againſt *Eaſter Sunday*, which was then the day following: and that the cuſtom was uſed, with much affectionate memory, in ſeveral parts of Wales. I ſaw, however, only one more inſtance of it, which occurred on the morrow, and which I ſhall have occaſion more particularly to mention.

P I L E.

The houſe of entertainment at this village is not large, but very comfortable, and moſt pleaſantly ſituated, having excellent paſture land around it, and very ſtriking eminences within a ſhort view of its front; which have as much the appearance of neat and adorned cultivation, as a perſon of a rural taſte will either expect to ſee, or deſire to enjoy with his repaſt. It is indeed a ſpot favourable to the moſt mild, pleaſant, and tranquil ſtate of the ſpirits—where a rational and temperate human being may ſtop a day to recruit, and enjoy nature, both in and out of himſelf.

But no ſpot is capable of making any worthy impreſſion on the minds of thoſe, whoſe views of enjoyment, and whoſe affections, are contaminated with vice and vulgarity. I had a proof of this from a pane of glaſs in the window of the Inn, on which, among other indecencies, were written the initials of three names, with information, that *Three d——d jolly fellows met there on a certain day, and dined together!*

On

On this occaſion I could not help reflecting with much concern on the infinite variety of improper ſenſations, which are produced in the human mind, according to the various degrees of good and evil habits, even in the participation of the infinite bounty of heaven: neither could I avoid regretting, that the cauſe of an ancient complaint ſhould ſtill remain undiminiſhed—the complaint of the Supreme Benefactor of the world againſt the children of Iſrael—"They ate, they drank, and roſe up "to play!"

In the ſtage between Pile and Swanſea, I was overtaken by a young man, whoſe appearance was very genteel, and who ſoon gave me proof of poſſeſſing a diſpoſition the moſt ſocial and obliging. He joined me without ceremony, rode with me ſeveral miles, till our roads parted; and was one of thoſe characters, one ſometimes meets with, who give one no ſmall trouble to diſcriminate them fully. It was not, however, the moſt uncommon character, and, rightly conſidered, not the leaſt intereſting.

He was one, in the conſtitution of whoſe mind nature had done much, both with regard to diſpoſition and underſtanding. I ſuppoſed him to be the ſon of ſome wealthy grazier, or tradeſman, who, having been ſucceſsful in his traffick with the world, had perhaps by his induſtry procured for this diſcendant, a good education, and the means of an ample cultivation of his mind, while his proſpects of independance might make him the envy of many, and the praiſe of others.

Every one who has accidentally fallen into company with ſtrangers on the road knows, that the firſt general topic of converſation is the ſtate of the weather, and the goodneſs or badneſs of the roads. And it is generally by the help of ſome particular occurrences of ſurrounding objects, that a converſation glides into ſubjects mutually intereſting and agreeable. But the eventual pleaſure of ſuch an interchange of ſentiment muſt depend on the mutual adaption of the views and qualifications of the parties, to entertain and inſtruct one another.

It often happens, as in the preſent caſe it did, that ſome conſiderable time will be paſſed, before a mutual diſcovery can be made of the particular bent and genius of aſſociating minds, as well as the kind and degree of cultivation which may have taken place. During the moments of this ſuſpence, we generally find that good-natured people are ſufficiently prone to give each other credit, for extenſiveneſs of knowledge and uſefulneſs of qualification.

Whenever it happens that this benevolence of diſpoſition is rewarded with new information, we generally conceive ſentiments of new pleaſure, and an immediate attachment to the party by whom we are informed. And whenever it ſhall happen, that no very new or ſtriking diſcovery ſhall be made, yet are we at leaſt pleaſed with a confirmation of our own ideas—and that our own communications of what we have long known, or believed in, are apparently made with pleaſure to others, and with returns of approbation and reſpect to ourſelves.

This

This ſelf-gratulation, though perhaps in ſome degree neceſſary to preſerve a harmony of mind ſuited to the infirmity of our nature, may be one of the leaſt advantageous effects of ſocial intercourſe: and though the ſenſe of pleaſure, from the approbation which our thoughts meet with, may elate an ingenuous mind for a moment, the conviction muſt ſoon recur to ſuch a mind, that the greateſt extent of human knowledge muſt fall infinitely ſhort of the knowledge of all things, in which alone perfection of knowledge can conſiſt.

Under the weight of ſuch a conviction, however, we feel, in the communication of the mind, a freſh glow of ſatisfaction, that the poverty of knowledge, which every contemplative perſon finds in himſelf, is not a *uniform* poverty; but that, though it may often be difficult to aſcertain, between two characters, which has the advantage in the ſum total of knowledge, and therefore, which is capable of being the moſt uſeful or inſtructive character; yet, that the kinds of knowledge are ſo various in themſelves, and ſo variouſly adapted for uſefulneſs and amuſement, in different characters

ters and ſtations, that much of the harmony and good of ſociety muſt reſult from the variety both of its knowledge and ignorance.

I was thus employed in filling up the pauſes of converſation with general reflections, ſomewhat moral and philoſophical, when my attention was more particularly called to an expreſſion of my companion, which inſtantly gave me a truer notion of his education and reading, than I had been able before to attain.

We had juſt reached the top of a fine hill: "Here, Sir," ſaid he, "you may poſſibly be "pleaſed with one of our views; but I aſſure "you, that in the progreſs of your journey, "you will meet with parts of the road *de-* "*manding* a much finer proſpect."

Notwithſtanding this ſtrong proof of an illiterate mind, he had previouſly made many ſenſible and pertinent obſervations, with much eaſe and politeneſs; which had not only proved him to be a man of good natural talents, but accuſtomed to converſation among people of ſome taſte and judgment.

Yet

Yet I muſt own that I felt a very conſiderable decreaſe of eſteem for my fellow traveller, on the diſcovery of ſuch groſs ignorance of the meaning of a common word—ignorance which carried with it a full proof, that a man of ſuch evident abilities for literary improvement, muſt have been inexcuſably negligent of ſtudy, and even of common reading.

Thus were things become changed, and contempt had almoſt uſurped the place of reſpect, when the road began to part, and brought us to a ſeparation.

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

It will readily be ſuppoſed, that after taking my leave, the ſubjects of education, improvement of the mind, and true embelliſhment of manners, ſhould preſent *themſelves for my contemplation;

* As a land traveller is not confined in his remarks, like the keeper of a log-book, to the hiſtory of bearings, diſtances, time, and actual occurrences, we may at leaſt be allowed to indulge in a grammatical criticiſm, on the impropriety of the common practice of giving activity to *a theme*, and making it *preſent itſelf* to the

contemplation; or perhaps, to ſpeak more accurately, ſhould become more cloſely the ſubjects of my thoughts.

Nothing, ſurely, can be more inadequate to the end propoſed, than the common attempts to give information, or real *learning*, to the minds of our youth, by ſending them to a common country, or even a profeſſed grammar, ſchool. But till every parent who has money to pay for ſchooling, and who has a deſire for the literary improvement of his offſpring, ſhall be himſelf either a good ſcholar, or a man of cloſe reflection, it ſeems difficult to lay down rules, eſpecially in the preſent imperfect ſyſtem of teaching, even in moſt of our ſchools themſelves, for a more effectual education.

the agent or thinking being. It is, indeed, a ſubject of ſpeculation among metaphpyſical men, *how* ideas of things in the abſtract are firſt brought into the view of the mind? and whether the mind can be deemed *active* or *paſſive* in the production of conſciouſneſs? This, indeed, is not a place for ſuch an inveſtigation; but we will venture to ſet it down, as apparently more correct, to give the power of production to the mind, and not to the theme, in common deſcription.

A parent

A parent who has himſelf profited conſiderably, from early ſtudy, and continued reading (for ſome ſuch are to be found even in the obſcure walks of a country life) muſt either teach his children himſelf, for which he has ſeldom ſufficient leiſure or reſolution; or he muſt ſend them to ſuch ſchools as are within his reach.

If his abilities extend no further than the common ſixpenny-ſchool of a village, the poor ignorant child generally falls into the hands of a man, whoſe main accompliſhments are writing and arithmetic; and having his bread to procure by the increaſe of his number of ſixpences, the increaſe of his number of pupils becomes neceſſarily his principal object.

A round of ſlovenly copies in writing, and unexplained queſtions in accounts, generally employ the time of his ſcholars from one year to another, till at laſt they come out with the reputation of having had ſchooling enough to fit them both for buſineſs, and to ſhine in ſociety—while, perhaps, they have every thing yet to learn, which ſhould lead them to any ornamental

ornamental or uſeful reliſh of letters or philoſophy.

Unconſcious themſelves of the defect in the ground-work of their education, they rarely find a motive to ſeek further, till by familiar intercourſe with the more common vulgar, (who are every where to be found) and the neceſſary duties of a long, and ſometimes arbitrary apprenticeſhip, they become habituated to ignorance and vulgarity.

Some inſtances, indeed, there are, of youth exerting themſelves, and acquiring the elements of language and the ſciences, and even puſhing their reſearches into the paths of philoſophy, with a laudable ſucceſs, in ſpite of all difficulties. But ſuch inſtances are rare, and when they occur, it ſometimes happens, that for want of a diſcreet and faithful friend to regulate their progreſs, and point them, at a critical period, to the moſt uſeful kind, degree, and ſubſerviency of ſtudy, they run wide of the path of uſefulneſs, and loſe their time, and almoſt themſelves, in ſecluded and unprofitable departments. Thus their talents become

become loſt to ſociety, and happineſs from themſelves.

Thoſe parents whoſe abilities enable them to ſend their children to ſchools of greater repute and learning, are frequently as much deceived in their ideas of education; for in the common courſe of inſtruction at our grammar ſchools, a country lad, eſpecially if he be not naturally bright and ſtudious, muſt ſpend ſeveral years in gaining a knowledge of the rudiments of a dead language, and it rarely happens that a proficiency is attained to, before he is taken away, to mingle in the concerns of his father's buſineſs, or to be apprenticed to ſome other calling, by which he is to ſubſiſt.

Having, we will ſay, gained (what few lads of ſuch a deſcription do) a tolerable acquaintance with the Latin Claſſicks, he has learned the ſounds in one language, which correſpond in their meaning to other ſounds in another, or his own language; which is at beſt but a dry kind of ſtudy; and when his attention is called "from ſounds to things," it is not to be wondered at, that a taſk which was both dry

dry and irkſome, becomes deſerted; and knowledge once gained by a ſameneſs of labour, becomes deſerted for ſcenes of variety, and a conſtant change of ſenſual delights. Nor is this to be wondered at, when he is no longer impelled by authority, nor perſuaded by any one, that what he had taken ſo much pains to acquire, will be of any further benefit. Thus his ſchool-books are laid by, and their contents gradually forgotten. Nothing more under the title of learning is thought neceſſary.

"The ſchooling of my ſon Tom," ſays the father, "coſt me ſuch a ſum of money, more "than ever my father beſtowed on all *his* fa-"mily; but there is nothing like giving a boy "learning—it fits him for every thing."

With a reputation for learning, among the multitude, who know not what learning is, the youth mixes with that multitude, contracts a liking to its indolence, amuſements, and follies; and mixing at the ſame time with a barbarous jargon of language, his ears ſoon become accuſtomed to a violation of every rule of grammar, till at length what little ſkill in language

language he had brought with him from ſchool, is drowned in the torrent of ignorance and provincial barbariſm; and the Latin ſtudent, arriving at the age of twenty-one, is almoſt as complete an *ignoramus* as though he had never ſtudied at all.

This may at leaſt ſerve as a general deſcription of the effects of what is called a claſſical education, on the children of wealthy but illiterate people in the country. An effect exceedingly to be regretted; becauſe, among the more opulent inhabitants of country towns and villages, eſpecially the latter, are there to be found the greateſt opportunities of diffuſing the real benefits of learning; by which I mean not only a correctneſs and decency of language, but the knowledge of the general properties of natural things—the wonders of a marvellous creation.

The diviſion of empires and provinces—the general principles of the laws of nations—the riſe, progreſs, and importance, of diſcoveries in arts and ſciences, as well as the general hiſtory of mankind:—theſe, or at leaſt the *elements*

ments of theſe (for a profound knowledge in all may be a labour too great for human life, and a fruitleſs and improper attempt) ſhould undoubtedly form parts of a liberal education.

Theſe, inculcated with a view to ſtore the mind with important ſubjects for future reflection, will have the moſt enlarging and beneficial tendency—eſpecially as they may powerfully come in aid of a frequent and ſerious contemplation of the great governor of all things, and of all events—which, in proportion as the heavens are higher than the earth, is the ſupreme good of a right education, and the ſacred pre-eminence of all knowledge.

With reſpect to *religion*, without an inward experience of the power of which no man can be happy, the ſimple and unchangeable doctrines of the New Teſtament can never be too ſtrongly inforced. This obſervation holds true with regard to youth of every claſs, becauſe to every claſs a reformation from the evil propenſities of human nature is of poſitive neceſſity and obligation. But particularly

with regard to thoſe, who, from a beginning with claſſical ſtudies, have been unavoidably accuſtomed to ideas of heathen mythology and heathen errors—which, it is to be feared, are in ſome degree ever ſubverſive, in young minds, of thoſe reverential ideas, reſpecting GOD and his glorious attributes, which are ſo eſſential to the faith of chriſtians.

It will perhaps be objected, that a ſyſtem of education, ſo extenſive, is a work too great for the young and tender minds of children at ſchool. And it muſt be granted, that ſuch various and important objects may form ſufficient employment for the whole leiſure of human exiſtence. Still it muſt be contended, that under the care of a well-informed, and good tutor, ſuch lights may be thrown, and ſuch impreſſions may be made, on the ſuſceptible minds of youth in general, that a moſt pleaſureable and luminous beginning of real knowledge may be made. A moſt noble ground-work may be laid for that increaſe of real wiſdom, for which the human underſtanding is ſo wonderfully, and without doubt, ſo mercifully, formed.

If it be objected, that to call the attention of youth to objects ſo numerous, would be incompatible with the more neceſſary initiation into the duties of common life, and of ſociety, this rule alſo ſhould be taken into the account—that no man can be fit for a publick tutor, who ſhall not poſſeſs a powerful motive to inculcate the relative duties of civil and domeſtic life; and to impreſs on the minds of his pupils, that the ſociety of men is a perpetual, practical ſchool, in which the knowledge of the elements of all that can be learned, is to enable a man to direct his induſtry, frugality, and benevolence, to their conſtant and proper objects: that without ſuch an employment of learning, as a guard againſt ignorance, and error, and to direct and regulate a virtuous activity, no man can be intitled to the character of being wiſe and good, or to the reward of being happy!

Difficulties in human affairs will ever ariſe. It will now be queried—*But where ſhall we find ſuch tutors?* I muſt frankly anſwer, that I cannot tell. In private ſeminaries of education, they are ſeldom found: and yet there is

no good reaſon why they ſhould not. There is no good reaſon why many claſſical and philoſophical men, who occupy that ſtation, and apparently with the qualifications of learning, induſtry, and good diſpoſition, ſhould not engage in ſuch a ſyſtem of teaching, without much *extraordinary* labour to themſelves, and without any fear of over-burdening the minds of their pupils; but with the greateſt probability of giving them delight in the progreſs, as well as manifold advantages in the end.

Much depends on a right judgment in the diviſion of time. In a claſſical ſchool the languages are indiſpenſible—eſpecially the Latin; and ſuch is the nature of the ſtudy, that a large portion of time muſt be given to it. Writing and accounts muſt alſo have their allotment; and between theſe objects, the whole time is often conſidered as *neceſſarily* filled up.

But if, at a certain age, ſuppoſe the age of eleven or twelve, (at which time boys have generally got through the main difficulties of committing to memory their grammar rules,

and

and are become tolerably ready at declenſions and conjugations) a portion of the day—we will ſay *two hours*—were ſet apart for a lecture on thoſe ſubjects which we have before mentioned.

Geography, for inſtance, the delightful and enlarging ſcience of geography, might be the ſubject of the firſt lecture, or claſs of lectures. This is a ſcience, which (though a child may be puzzled to become a proficient in it, by his own dry and laborious reading) might be rendered eaſy, moſt engaging, and fundamentally inſtructive, if firſt generally, and then more particularly, explained—explained in a methodical and audible manner—regard being had, throughout, to the uſe of maps and globes.

This mode of inſtruction by lecture, has many advantages: it ſaves the pains of a maſter, by inſtructing a large number at one time. Explanations at once familiar, eaſy, and introductory to other branches of ſcience—pleaſantly digreſſive—and particularly ſuited to the known capacities and curioſity of the little

audience, may take place: and it is certain, that in proportion as vocal inſtruction is more rapid and lively than written, the attention of ſuch an audience will be engaged, delighted, and ſatisfied, by ſuch a clear, explanatory, vocal account, delivered from, or without, a book of elements, at the pleaſure of the lecturer.

In ſuch a proceſs of treating this particular ſcience, a ſuccinct account of the ancient and modern hiſtory of different countries, may be given to advantage; and any remarkable anecdotes of illuſtrious men, belonging to thoſe countries, or who have been concerned in their principal changes or convulſions, may come in; all will enliven—all will inſtruct.

A ſecond lecture may treat of the grand ſubject of *aſtronomy*—a ſcience, indeed, too exalted and curious to be inveſtigated, and radically underſtood, but by *men*; and thoſe of much previous learning and collateral reflection. Yet may the general ideas of it—a general knowledge of the difference of ſyſtems, and of the truth of the Newtonian—with the doctrine,

doctrine, or at leaſt the hiſtorical doctrine, of diſtances, magnitudes, and influences, of the heavenly bodies, be conveyed in language ſufficiently clear to ſuch young minds: and may we not hope with the moſt happy effects?

Children in general do not want for curioſity —they do not want for a readineſs of conception—they are ſeldom wanting in admiration at a new and curious diſcovery. Neither (which is the moſt animating conſideration of all) are they unſuſceptible of the moſt lively and reverential impreſſions of the Supreme Being. The doctrines of his fatherly goodneſs, and of his exalted and moſt adorable attributes, are ſubjects within the reach of their quick and lively conceptions, when treated with a ſuitable ſerioufneſs, and concern for their well-being.

And it may well be conſidered as one of the moſt lamentable defects of common education, that ſo little uſe is made of the wonders of natural philoſophy, to inſtil into, and advance the principles of real religion in, the tender

tender and comparatively unpolluted minds of the riſing generation!

The curious and awful doctrines of the earth and the heavens are ſo directly adapted to confirm, and advance a belief in, the moſt exalted truths, that it is only neceſſary for a good tutor to enter into this great department of his duty, with the zeal and alacrity becoming his ſtation and character, to ſecure a moſt happy ſucceſs!

Neither is there any other poſſible plan of acquiring a permanent—nay, a glorious reputation for wiſdom, equal to ſuch an undertaking. It is to be a teacher of the greateſt natural knowledge, for the moſt important and durable purpoſes: it is to ſecure honour and happineſs, by diffuſing and perpetuating the higheſt earthly glory of human nature!

A *difference* of conception and advantage muſt neceſſarily be found among a number of ſuch young ſtudents; no two of whom, any more than any two learned *men*, will be found equally wiſe and good. But in general we may fairly

fairly conclude, that the elements of moſt of the liberal ſciences may be rendered clear, and highly ſubſervient to religion and virtue, as well as learning, by ſuch a method.

Neither, perhaps, is the age of thirteen or fourteen too early a period, to receive popular diſſertations on cuſtoms, manners, and human affections, in the ſtile of moral philoſophy: in ſhort, to be taught to poſſeſs the general knowledge and habits of thinking, common to *men* of education, on thoſe ſubjects wherein the ſuperiority of the learned over the unlearned is commonly found.

But by an early, and I will ſay *religious*, initiation into ſuch habits of thinking—under the advantage of an early and ſacred bias, in favour of the doctrines of divine wiſdom and providence, and the tranſcendent excellence of the chriſtian religion—ſuch young ſtudents may learn to ſhame thoſe modern ſpeculatiſts and infidels, who, inſtead of uſing real knowledge as an antidote againſt the evil of their nature, employ their power of reaſoning, to ſtrengthen their

their pride and ſenſuality, and their irreverence towards *Him* who made them!

My readers will excuſe this long digreſſion in favour of a ſubject, to which I own a ſtrong partiality, and I hope give me credit for a wiſh to ſcatter ſome hints for ſuch an improvement in education, as may render our youth in general more intelligent—more fortified againſt the incroachments of indolence and vice—and more prepared for filling up the important ſtations in civil ſociety, with happineſs to that ſociety and themſelves.

WELCH COTTAGES.

BEFORE a traveller has proceeded far in this part of the Principality, he is moſt agreeably ſtruck with a circumſtance, which adds a charm to any rural ſcene; and that is, the neatneſs of its cottages.

The conſideration of the different gradations of wealth and ſplendour, while it involves the providential order, and mutual ſubſerviency of

of the different claſſes of mankind, is ſeldom unattended, in a benevolent mind, with ſome degree of regret, that indigence and ſuffering poverty ſhould frequently be the lot of better men, than many who are found abounding in riches and luxury.

Such muſt neceſſarily be the caſe, with human beings, in thoſe times and countries which are called poliſhed and powerful. But wherever one ſees the external tokens of pleaſure and happineſs, on the abodes of the lower and more laborious claſſes of mankind, a proportionate alleviation of concern is ever felt, in the benevolence of our diſpoſition. And, perhaps, that alleviation is ſeldom more lively than when occaſioned by the proſpect of a neat little cot, ſurrounded with a garden planted out "for ornament and uſe," and cultivated by morning and evening diligence.

Such ſcenes as theſe are not uncommon in ſeveral parts of England; but the cottages of the Britiſh dominions are ſeldom noticed with more pleaſure than in theſe parts. They are moſtly covered with tile, and though low, they have

have generally an air of cleanlineſs and neatneſs, which the proud and luxurious, who are ever unhappy, may envy, though they are but ill qualified to enjoy.

But the taſte of the Welch peaſantry in the adorning of their cottages, is perhaps almoſt peculiar to themſelves. They waſh or paint the whole of them white, tiles and all, from top to bottom. And when a traveller in a clear day takes a Welch view from an eminence, he feels himſelf uncommonly delighted with a view of innumerable little dwellings, ſkirting along the edges of the vallies, and decking the incloſures in a moſt irregular but ſtriking manner. He is often even conſtrained to ſtop and feaſt his eyes and imagination with objects, which though ſo much inferior in magnitude to the proſpect of cities, and ſpires, and palaces, are beyond expreſſion more lively; while the inhabitants of theſe ſimple manſions may be conſidered as enjoying all that can be enjoyed, with frugal induſtry and content, in their reſpective ſtations.

Thoſe

Thoſe cottages, as we paſs through Glamorganſhire, are indeed contraſted with ſeats of elegance and magnificence, and particularly with thoſe of —— *Talbot*, eſq; at Margam; a gentleman who has a large extent of territory in this county, and who, and whoſe anceſtors, ſeem to have taken no ſmall pains to decorate and aggrandize his own mountains with plantations, now preſenting to the view a very ſtriking and beautiful mixture of timber trees, evergreens, and temples.

BRITON FERRY.

BUT of all the views and ſituations which preſent themſelves on this road, none excels the beautifully diverſified region of Briton Ferry, about ſeven miles ſhort of Swanſea.

To deſcribe this ſpot, by boldneſs of ſurrounding eminencies, ſpaciouſneſs of vallies, grandeur and beauty of trees and woodlands, extent of water and verdure; and in ſhort, a ſcene of the ſweeteſt habitations, for men, birds, beaſts, and fiſhes, would be to leave much to

to the province of the reader's imagination, or to be conceived in an actual ſurvey.

However, I muſt not refrain from ſaying more particularly, that from the Eaſtern ſide the traveller approaches this ferry through plantations and incloſures belonging to a few houſes on either hand, that are in my opinion beyond compariſon the moſt pleaſantly ſituated for rural gratification, of any that had ſtruck my obſervation in the courſe of many years. Thoſe ornamented incloſures and habitations, among which are a little box belonging to Lord *Vernon*, and the more ample incloſures and domains of a Baronet, are ſituated near the opening to the ferry, which is ſudden and ſtriking—preſenting a ſurface of water, which, when the tide is fully in, is about a mile over, and beautifully adorned with woody prominences on both ſides. The water in itſelf is a point of the channel, running up to the little port of Neath, about five or ſix miles to the eaſt of this paſſage.

The deſcent to the water, at ebb, is over a craggy ſurface of rocks, not a little troubleſome

ſome to an Engliſh horſe, uſed to ſmooth roads; but the Welch horſes run over theſe rocks, and leap from them into the boats, either led by, or carrying, their riders, almoſt with as much facility as the dog which runs by their ſide.

To an Engliſh traveller, the ſcene, when buſy, is exceedingly pictureſque. The ſenſation of pleaſure is ſtrongly impreſſed on the mind at firſt view; but my paſſage over this pleaſant ferry was accompanied with a moſt mortifying proof, that there is no ſcene amidſt the variety of this world, however removed from the ſeats of luxury and artificial diſſipation—however awfully pleaſing in itſelf—however contrived by nature for the ſimple and innocent reveries of the ſwain or the philoſopher, that can be always ſacred to innocence and to virtue; for juſt as I quitted the boat, with a mind ſerene as the place itſelf, and that ſerenity perhaps increaſed by the gliding motion by which I had paſſed over, a young Welch rake came and leaped his horſe into the boat, ſtorming, partly in Welch, at the boatman; but curſing and ſwearing in Engliſh, a moſt violent volley of profanation and abuſe—

apparently

apparently for ſome ſuppoſed affront formerly offered him.

My imagination had been before calmly feaſting on the ſilence, natural magnificence—and, as I thought, ſacred grandeur—of a place, which ſeemed to be formed for delight and devotion, in a mind at all accuſtomed to ſerioufneſs: But ah! ſaid I, human nature, and the baleful deformity of human violence, are every where to be found—the ſubjects of lamentation and regret!

It will not, indeed, be ultimately thus in heaven; but alas! by what marvellous proviſion of mercy, and by what pangs of penitence, now unfelt and deſpiſed, muſt thoſe of the multitude, that ruſh into wickedneſs as the horſe into the battle, ever be able to come there!

The paſſage of this prophane young man over the ferry, excited in me a train of ideas, from ſacred and heathen theology, reſpecting the "great gulph fixed between the realms of "happineſs and woe," which, whoſoever paſſeth

eth at laſt, can never return by again! The river Styx—the boat and office of Charon—and the gloom of attendant imagery, crowded upon my mind, convincing me, that even at Briton Ferry, I was yet in the land of tribulation!

The idea of thoſe vices and habitual kinds of wickedneſs, which ſo powerfully diſpoſe men for unhappy ſociety in another life; and the doctrines of a future judgment on the profligate and impenitent, are enough, ſometimes, to make heavy the mind of any contemplative perſon, who looks abroad with affection, and beyond himſelf with good-will.

On this ſubject, I could not indeed contemplate without a ſovereign ſenſe of the *mercy* of an *infinitely good being*. But under an awful uncertainty, with reſpect to the righteous meaſure of his eſſential juſtice, correſpondent as it ſomehow muſt be, to the eſſential attribute of *infinite purity*, I ſoon, as uſual on that ſubject, became penſive, ſolicitous, ſad, and ſorrowful. But I am not a child of ſorrow neither—nor prone to dwell on the cloudy

face of the intellectual firmament: the tranſition from ſadneſs to pleaſure is, with me, as with many a ſerious fellow traveller, almoſt as ſudden as the breaking forth of the brightneſs of the ſun from behind a cloud.

I muſt here preſume that my reader, alſo, is no cynic; nor an enemy to that natural alleviation of pain, which this infinitely diverſified world is ever holding forth: and conſequently, that he will not haſtily cenſure me for admitting an inſtantaneous change of ſenſation, from dejection to cheerfulneſs.

Juſt as I had turned my eyes from the boat, and was about to mount my horſe, with a fervent prayer in my heart for the reformation of the unhappy youth, and for the greater growth of temperance and patience in the world, Simplicity made her lovely appearance in the perſons of two modeſt and handſome young Welch females, who came leading their horſes towards the ferry for a paſſage.

They appeared to be farmers' daughters, who were returning from Swanſea market, where

where they had been to diſpoſe of their butter and eggs. They were dreſſed, after the Welch faſhion, in blue jackets, and black beaver hats, with ribbands and roſes depending from them, and white handkerchiefs wrapped round their heads and necks. They were comely and delicate without coſmetics—and had a genuine air of conſcious and unſuſpecting innocence, which a virtuous man cannot behold without emotion, although with the utmoſt abhorrence of either abaſhing or alarming!

They ſat down on the rocks, ſide by ſide, to wait the return of the boat. "And well," ſaid I in my heart, "have you eſcaped the "company of a wretch, who, being a diſgrace "to his own ſex, might reaſonably have been "conſidered as the terror of your's, and a "ſhameful contraſt to your modeſty. May "neither you, nor ſuch as you, ever be ex-"poſed to contamination from ſuch *brutal* "humanity."

Near the ſpot, but a minute before, a decent country youth, with a wallet at his back, betokening him a degree below the damſels in

rank, had placed himſelf in waiting for the ſame purpoſe. He no ſooner eſpied his contiguity to them, than from motives of village reſpect, or from innate modeſty, he removed himſelf to a more diſtant ſtone, and ſat down again, with his face turned away from his fair companions, as though afraid of giving offence by his preſence.

The hacknied in crimes and immodeſty would at once blame and ridicule the ſimplicity of this youth, and attempt to laugh ſuch manners out of countenance. But the page of virtuous reflection is not to be abaſhed by impudence, or reſtrained from exhibiting the original innocence, and bluſhing modeſty, with which the wiſe *maſter of nature* is guarding the youthful boſom.

Neither is the writer, or virtuous reader, to be reſtrained from admiring that ſimplicity in young perſons, which is but too often prematurely broken through, by the influence of evil examples, and the gradual progreſs of diſorderly habits.

There

There undoubtedly is, in the order of time and providence, a period, at which mutual paſſions and virtuous attachment have their happy tendencies to love and union between the ſexes. But till that kind of attachment becomes ſubſervient to happineſs and order, the baſhfulneſs of nature is equally beautiful, and to be conſidered and ſanctioned with delight.

I could not take my leave of this ſimple ſcene, without a glow of ſatisfaction, which ſerved greatly to counteract, in my boſom, the effect of the before-mentioned lamentation over exceſs of vulgarity and prophaneneſs. "God "Almighty," ſaid I, "is yet working by "laws of his wiſdom and happy government, "among his rational creatures—and there may "yet come a period to all ſin and violence in "the human mind—a period when virtue ſhall "triumph over vice, and wickedneſs flee "before the powerful charms of general virtue, "and thoſe refined pleaſures which alone can "make happy the children of this world, and "fit them for an entrance into the world of "refinement, which is to come!—Even ſo be "it!"

Paſſing from this delightful ſpot, a pleaſant ride of about ſix miles, moſtly over mooriſh ground, brought me within view of

SWANSEA.

This is one of the moſt complete and conſiderable ports of the Principality, affording very convenient anchorage for a large number of trading veſſels, ſome of which were of a very reſpectable ſize.

From the Eaſt, and North-eaſt, at high water, which happened to be the caſe on my arrival, we enter the town by boats which are generally in waiting: But the Welch, though bearing the character of a quick-ſpirited and irritable people, (which naturally gives us alſo the idea of a people lively and expert in buſineſs) are far from being famous for alertneſs and diſpatch—at leaſt among the laborious claſſes. But this obſervation, though it may owe ſomething to the peculiarities of the Welch people, may be partly accounted for on natural principles.

Poverty,

Poverty, and an uniform ſeries of ſervitude, for the bare neceſſaries of exiſtence, accompanied alſo with the cares and anxieties of the parental boſom, have a conſtant tendency to keep the human mind impreſſed, as with a general weight of misfortune and dejection: to this may alſo be added, the effect of poor, ſcanty, and ill-prepared, aliments; the degree of diſadvantage from which is, comparatively, but little known among the lower claſſes of the Engliſh people, in our opulent and commercial cities.

Inebriation, indeed, which is a vice too common in Wales as well as England, may be conſidered as producing a temporary but miſerable counteraction of that habitual ſloth of which we are ſpeaking. But among the poor Welch women, eſpecially in the interior parts of the country, it cannot eſcape obſervation, that their poverty, inactivity, and indelicate neglect of their perſons, are characteriſtic of the country.

But to return to the occaſion of the foregoing ſhort digreſſion:—After waiting by the ſide

ſide of the channel full a quarter of an hour, in company with half a dozen travellers, who had alighted from their horſes juſt before me, and after repeated ineffectual rebukes and intreaties to the ferryman, who was very deliberately lading a little water with a hand-bowl out of his crazy boat, at a ſmall diſtance, we at length brought him to, and paſſed over into the town.

Thoſe new companions were moſtly London riders, who I perceived made up to the only comfortable houſe of accommodation which had been recommended to me in this town, *i. e.* the Roſe and Crown,* kept by a cleanly, civil, moderate, and hoſpitable widow, who does credit to her ſtation and her ſex. There, (for I uſed the houſe on my return) ſo long as *ſhe* remains the ſame as I found her, the wearied and ſolitary traveller may find

* Since that time I find the *Mackworth Arms*, a new, large, and commodious Inn, is opened for the reception of travellers, and promiſes a ſuperior ſtile of accommodation. This houſe, I have heard, has been built by the ſpirited exertion of Sir *Herbert Mackworth*, from whoſe influence and judgment much uſefulneſs may be ever expected.

refreſhment,

refreſhment, and be as comfortably *at home* as his pocket and his conſcience will let him.

But I was going to ſay, that ſeeing the travellers bending in ſuch a body to this houſe, and fearing from the ſize of it, that I ſhould be obliged to keep company with them, at a time when I was more in the humour for keeping company with myſelf, I turned up to another little Inn, reſolving to take my chance for dirt or cleanlineſs, good qualities or bad ones. I found dirt, and very ordinary qualities, with the unpleaſant accidents of much noiſe and drunkenneſs. But the latter circumſtances urging me to the neceſſity of finding out the moſt obſcure and quiet corner of the houſe, I compounded for dirt with as much philoſophy as I could, and paſſed the time of my ſtay there with tolerable happineſs.

THE SPENDTHRIFT;

WITH REFLECTIONS.

THIS temporary abode (for I ſtaid till the next afternoon) afforded me an opportunity of remarking

remarking a character but too common in this age of diſſipation. A young man, whom I found to be the ſpendthrift of a London family, of ſome account, had taken up an obſcure reſidence in this houſe, on a plan of œconomical diſcipline which had been impoſed on him; but without any apparent reformation of manners or wiſhes.

Here he ſeemed to live on a ſcanty allowance, which afforded him meat, and a ſhort ſuperfluity of liquors, which he was diligent in lengthening out, by drinking with any caſual gueſts, to whom he could only make the returns of vulgar wit, and the obſequiouſneſs of depraved manners. Little regarded by his dirty landlady, he ſeemed to be treated by the common waiting girl with a mixture of wantonneſs and neglect, which nothing but the neceſſities ariſing from his own conſcious depravity could have rendered tolerable to a perſon of education, and ſome remaining appearance of former decency.

It is moſt obvious to remark, that hard indeed is the lot of thoſe parents, whether ariſing from

from their own imprudence or not, to have a ſon, on whom the impoſition of ſuch a kind of baniſhment may become neceſſary, to prevent their own ruin! And when the difficulty has ariſen to a height ſo alarming, it is perhaps a caſe wherein it is the moſt unpleaſant, as well as perplexing, for a common and ſympathizing friend to give advice.

But this kind of difficulty can never be too much anticipated by parents, in the middling and ſuperior degrees of opulence; nor their care be too timely or too great, to impreſs the minds of their children with ſentiments of virtue, œconomy, and ſubjection: to which wiſe and important ends, as it is a duty moſt incumbent on them, with regard to the future well-being of their children, ſo nothing may be reaſonably expected to have ſo powerful and amiable an influence, as their own *principled* and *habitual* adherence to thoſe virtues, which only can render their offspring reſpectable and happy.

A well-meaning moraliſt, on ſuch an occaſion as this, will not be deemed too ſevere upon

upon the common manners of parents, in ſaying, that much of that unhappineſs, which attends the younger generation in any age or country, is chargeable on the imprudent gratification, and licence to extravagance, which children derive, in the firſt years of their intelligence, from the idle fondneſs, and careleſs example of their own parents! And it may not be uncharitably ſet down as a truth, that where *one* young perſon is known to miſcarry, and become obnoxious to civil and religious ſociety, from innate and unconquerable malignity of will, *ten* may be conſidered as martyrs to the other unhappy error, and moſt influential of moral cauſes!

It was one of the moſt excellent general maxims of *Solomon*, and on the obſervance of which a vaſt proportion of human harmony and happineſs muſt ever depend; "Train up "a child in the way in which he ſhould go, "and when he is old he will not depart from "it;" but *the world*—*the world*—and the enchanting blandiſhments annexed to the idea of this *world*—confuſed and full of miſery as men have made it—ſeem to caſt a general miſt of error

error before the ſight of a multitude of its inhabitants; a miſt which reaſon, philoſophy, and the lovely chriſtian religion itſelf, are ineffectual to diſſipate, till anxiety and ſuffering bring in their friendly aids to the cauſe of virtue!

To "train up a child in the way in which "he ſhould go," is one of the moſt important, we may ſay, the moſt arduous and important of all, the duties which are annexed to the ſtation of a parent: it is a duty uniformly ſacred on all ranks and orders of men, and is as divine and rewardable among the loweſt as the higheſt; but ſurely the neglect of attempting to diſcharge it muſt be conſidered as criminal, in proportion to the natural ability, leiſure, and opulence, of thoſe on whom the duty is injoined, from the high and benignant authority of Heaven.

In the paſſionate propenſity of human nature, a tender and ardent taſk of guardianſhip and reformation may neceſſarily fall to the lot of ſome parents, the beſt diſpoſed to fill up their ſtations, as accountable ſtewards, in the advancement

advancement of piety and virtue; but as all have their obligations to watchfulneſs, and moral exertion, ſo all have the promiſe of a divine and gracious aſſiſtance, from the unchangeable ſource of power, wiſdom, and bleſſedneſs!

And when parents have the unhappineſs of perceiving, that their wiſhes and feeble endeavours are leſs effectual than they had hoped, towards the attainment of the ends they have propoſed to themſelves, with reſpect to the virtuous bent of their children's affections—it behoves *them* the more ſeriouſly to conſider, whether *their own conduct* has been ſufficiently regulated by thoſe principles of prudence, temperance, and exemplary godlineſs, which wiſdom dictates, and revelation injoins. This may be coming the moſt effectually to the ſource of a growing corruption, and as the Scripture moſt forcibly expreſſes it, "laying the axe to "the root of the tree."

So much, on this occaſion, for *parents*. If any of them, wiſhing to be better, and more particularly admoniſhed of their duties—and fully

fully to underſtand *how* and *wherein* they may be infallibly inſtructed, in every poſſible branch of their relative and religious duties; I cannot recommend them better, than to make a pious mental pilgrimage to the neighbourhood of Jeruſalem, and take a perfect leſſon from Mount Olivet, according to directions laid down in the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of St. Matthew.

Now for *children*, whether of the younger, older, higher, lower, or middling claſſes; whether male or female—good, bad, or indifferent—but eſpecially thoſe who are willing to grow better;—I love you all, and at this moment nearly all alike—for though ſome of you are too bad to be commended, or even approved—and none are too good to admit of amendment; ſtill, as GOD Almighty is feeding you, and like a loving father, giving you the moſt tender calls to reformation and happineſs—before you may ſuddenly die in your ſins, *and go you know not whither*—it is my duty to *love* you, which I unfeignedly do.

GOD Almighty (whoſe name ſhould never be repeated, or even mentioned, but with a profound

profound reverence of his holineſs and glorious attributes) hath given you diſcernment between good and evil, and between right and wrong, even in your parents: you know, very often, when you are rightly or wrongly indulged by them, in the gratification of your wiſhes.

As many of you as have good and prudent parents, who, while they tenderly love you, think it their duty to reſtrain you in your wrong deſires, and who expreſs their tenderneſs for you by their care to keep you out of vices and dangers;—as many of you, I ſay, as are bleſſed with ſuch parents, love them, honour them, obey them, and ſo increaſe their happineſs. The time will come, when, if you are not taken from them, they muſt from you: and then you will always have the higheſt pleaſure in the recollection of your love and obedience; while that of your diſregard and diſobedience muſt give you inexpreſſible concern. Cheriſh, therefore, every opportunity of making the moſt amiable returns of their affection and good-will towards you.

If any of you perceive that your parents are not careful in finding out and reproving your faults, but indulge you in your idle and wrong desires and behaviour—remember, that as your happiness depends upon it, you are bound to study the lesson of goodness for yourselves: and while you are also bound to love your parents, and do all you can to serve them, let them see that you wish to honour them.

Thus you will assuredly find that your good conduct will always procure you their strongest affection, and they will see a loveliness in you, which they could never have seen in your willingness to do wrong, because they were willing to have indulged you in it.

And remember also, that your HEAVENLY FATHER, who always sees you, and approves or disapproves what you do, say, or think, will not excuse you, and approve your errors, because your parents may not have taught and exampled you better. His laws of righteousness and goodness are upon you still—you are called and bound to study and obey them—and

without that ſtudy and obedience, you never can be happy in another, or even in the preſent, life!

If you would learn particular leſſons of goodneſs, which are the only leſſons of real pleaſure and happineſs, and which I hope you will above all things be deſirous to learn; I muſt recommend to you alſo, frequently to read in your chambers, with great attention, the ſermon of our Bleſſed SAVIOUR on the Mount of Olives, which I have before recommended to your parents: therein you will find many ſweet and endearing encouragements, which you will clearly underſtand at once reading—others you muſt ſtudy, and pray GOD, who gives us all our underſtanding, to open to you:—the more you ſo ſtudy, the more you will comprehend—the more you comprehend, the more you will admire—the more you admire, the more you will be able to obey—and the more you obey, the more happy and joyful you will be!

"But," (ſays ſome ſturdy young gentleman, approaching toward the twentieth year of his age,

age, and who has learned more of vice than of virtue; or some delicate Miss in her *teens*, who has begun to be fashionable, and to study the ton;) "these are your A, B, C, instructions "for children in jackets and petticoats—we "have learned all, about this dull stuff, that "we want to know: we thought we had been "dipping into a book of travels and taste, "which might increase our knowledge of the "world, and advance our abilities to shine in "it with fashionable reading and eclat! But "those things are as stale as old time, and as "antique as our grandmothers! Mr. traveller, if you have nothing better than this, "we must wish both you and your book a "good night!"

To this fashionable raillery (which the taste of the times obliges me to bear as well as I can) I must answer, by desiring to parly a little with those whom I have so grossly offended. "Parly," (says my young Squire) "why, what the d—l do you think? I have "been educated at Westminster, gone thr ugh "the routine of genteel embellishments, and "have my figure to make, and my fortune to

"advance in the great world—and what in the "name of vengeance do you think I am to "profit by your ſanctified lecture?

"No, Mr. traveller, you have miſtaken "your mark in writing for people of faſhion; "you muſt chooſe a better ſubject than your "monkiſh fables, and acquire a different ſtile "of writing, before you will ever be liſtened to: "a gentleman has all the religion he has any "thing to do with, in his principles of honour "and politeneſs."

I am really ſorry to have given any offence, by my principles of truth, which I have ventured to give as the moſt authenticated and highly ſanctioned principles of wiſdom; more ſorry ſtill ſhould I be to have deſerved it; but *wiſdom* ſurely concerns a gentleman, if *religion*, on account of its *name*, be out of the queſtion: a better ſtyle of writing I might poſſibly have uſed, had I been maſter of one more worthy the dignity of the ſubject; but a better ſubject, or more important to a young man, could not have been choſen by an angel.

A young

A young man, indeed, may ſpurn at the principles of wiſdom, religion, and all virtue; but while he deſpiſes them, in their genuine plainneſs and ſimplicity, he talks but like a froward child, and muſt learn as a child, before he will become wiſe or worthy: he may indeed ſtand oppoſed to an ignorant and teachable child; but he muſt ſubmit to ſuſtain the more diſgraceful character of a guilty and obſtinate one.

"Well, Mr. traveller," (ſays the young and more ingenuous female) "ſince my brother "has left you in diſguſt, and you have thought "proper to tarry ſo long in your Tour, as to "read lectures on morality at Swanſea, I will "beg leave to take your opinion more parti-"cularly with regard to myſelf and my ſitua-"tion. You ſee me, a young lady, child, or "whatever elſe you pleaſe to call me—devoted "to pleaſure. Pray what have you to ſay "againſt pleaſure?"

I have nothing, my amiable "*Caroline*," to ſay againſt pleaſure, rightly underſtood and defined; pleaſure was made for man, and a very

conſiderable portion of it for the morning of life. But it muſt ever ariſe and grow from the principles of honeſty, humility, modeſty, univerſal regard to mankind, and ſupreme remembrance of the laws of Heaven.

"Hold a little, if you pleaſe—theſe things "may be all very good—but they have ſuch a "hard and diſcouraging ſound with them, that "I am afraid I ſhall make but little progreſs "in your ſtudies. You muſt allow me plea-"ſure according to the faſhion of my educa-"tion, otherwiſe all my time and pains, and "the expence of my parents, muſt be thrown "away. You talk about '*humility*,' which is "very well for a poor old man or woman—"but if you mean to abridge me of the plea-"ſure of outſhining all others, as far as I can, "both in dreſs, and taſte for every thing gay "and elegant—if you mean to inſinuate that I "am not to be allowed all the brilliance that "I can diſplay, in aſpiring to the firſt fortune "and firſt equipage—I muſt give up this '*humility*' entirely; and I am ſure you can "have nothing to propoſe that could counter-

"balance

"balance the mortification you would impoſe "on me by it."

I regret, my dear *Caroline*, that ſo much natural, or acquired eloquence, ſhould ſo early be ill-employed! But it is a caſe too common, for a tongue tuned to natural muſick, and equal to the diſplay of all the charms of wiſdom, ſcience, and virtue—to be ſubſervient to the errors of faſhionable folly, and refined licentiouſneſs! I muſt repeat again, that *humility* is a grand conſtituent quality of happineſs, and not only of happineſs, but of all amiable dignity—without it they never can exiſt. And this truth is equally founded in the nature of things, that aſpiring to every thing gay and elegant, the greateſt brilliance, and the fineſt equipage, is to aſpire to a ſituation of troubleſome pre-eminence—from which any human being muſt be in danger of looking down on poverty and want, with a proud, ſcornful, and impious arrogance; which GOD Almighty *muſt* puniſh, or ſuch a perſon muſt become more miſerable than the beaſts of the field.

With

With reſpect to the unhappy notion, that a virtuous humility has no pleaſures attendant on it, that can counterbalance the loſs of folly, nothing can be more unhappily and miſerably believed—for the lady who walks on foot, mingling with graceful benignity among her fellow-beings, will be more healthy than in the pomp of the fineſt gilded chariot; ſhe will have more opportunities of doing good—of pleaſing and being pleaſed, while ſhe lives—and when ſhe ſhall come to die (as every faſhionable woman muſt ſoon do) ſhe will have an advantage, which pride and folly never could, and never can reach—the reward of an approving conſcience, and a dignity infinitely ſuperior to all the brilliance and diſtinction that ever were on earth: ſhe ſhall have the ſociety of exalted angels, and with them "a crown "of glory that fadeth not away."

This little digreſſion (which unexpectedly branched out of the line of the ſtory) being finiſhed, we are to return to my quarters at Swanſea, or rather to give a ſhort account of the town itſelf. It is not only a pretty little trading ſea-port town, but contains ſeveral reſpectable

ſpectable ſtreets, which have the appearance of conſiderable buſineſs; in which are ſcattered many houſes that ſeem to be the abodes of people of property; and on the whole, Swanſea is no inelegant place of reſidence.

"The poor lie every where;" and here, as well as in all our towns in England, they are diſperſed among the more opulent, as continual mementos to the rich, that the great governor of all things is making one man to differ from another, without regard to the moral worth of any particular claſs, and without reſpect of perſons. But one thing occurred to my obſervation here, more forcibly than in the diſtricts I had paſſed through, viz. the rareneſs of Welch beggars. In one of theſe ſtreets two little girls aſked charity of me, but in a manner peculiarly diffident: they held out their little hands with uncommon modeſty, and with an appearance of conſciouſneſs that they were doing ſomething which they ought not to do, and which was a diſgrace to them.*

* To the above remark I muſt here add, after my return from this journey, that I met with but one more inſtance of begging in Wales, which I have recorded as of a ſingular kind.

The

The reaſon is obvious; the lower orders of the Welch are trained, no leſs in contentment than in penury: and that degree of poverty and meanneſs of accommodation, which many of our Engliſh poor would be diſſatisfied with, and even repine at, ſeems to be no grievance among the poor Welch. How long ſuch may be the general character of this part of the Principality, we cannot determine; but a benevolent man cannot help wiſhing, ſince happineſs is ſo eaſily found, that the day may be far diſtant, when artificial or fancied wants ſhall teach them the language of complaint!

The caſtle of this town is a good deal decayed; but ſome parts of the ruins are very ſtriking and handſome. However, one part of it is yet capable of being the reſidence of two poor families, who ſeem to ſubſiſt in part by ſhewing ſtrangers about the ruins. I was conducted to the uppermoſt chamber of one almoſt intire turret, by a little girl about ſix years old, who was very intelligent and expert in her office.

As

As I aſcended the gloomy ſteps of this ancient pile of building, the ſtones of which had been preyed upon by the all-corroding tooth of time, I could not refrain from many a ſigh at the tranſitory nature of all human labour, exertion, and fancied ſecurity. The ſtone ſteps, by which many a ſturdy warrior had probably aſcended, were worn by their, and by ſucceeding footſteps, into cavities, which one ſhould have expected the preſſure of human feet could not have produced in a thouſand years. In one chamber, ſeveral gun-holes remained entire, which proved it to have been defended in a modern ſtyle, and revived all the idea of the general devaſtation, in the civil commotions of the laſt century.

But by whomſoever defended or aſſailed, the moſt important reflection which can occur to the mind of any good man, is this; that it is happy for the inhabitants of a country where thoſe dens of warfare are ſo numerous, and a circumſtance to be rejoiced in by this nation at large; that however annoyed with taxes, and the ill-policy of wanton and profuſe governments, the horrors of internal commotion, and

ſanguinary

ſanguinary depredation, are now no more: that provincial ſpirit of malignity, which once diſtreſſed and depopulated diſtricts, formed for the better purpoſe of cultivating peace and brotherly affection, is now changed into mutual ſoftneſs of manners harmony, and good-will.

At leaſt I may ſay, that with ſuch reflections as theſe, I found, for the time, a ſenſation of pleaſure, which was more than a balance for the pain the conſideration had coſt me, of the immenſe labour, fatigue, and anxiety, which the folly or turbulence of man leads him into, during the ſhort ſpan of that exiſtence, which it is ſo much in his own power to render tranquil and happy!

But after ſpending, perhaps, too much of our time at this ſtage, the reader will be pleaſed to accompany me out of the town o Swanſea, in purſuit of freſh occurrences and remarks. But it will be a circumſtance more agreeable to him (who can travel in his chimney corner) than it was to me, that juſt as I took my departure, a heavy ſhower of rain began to fall,

fall, and the ſky put on a moſt formidable frown. Yet muſt I recal the inconſiderate murmur of the moment, and expreſs a ſucceeding thankfulneſs for ſuch a fruitful ſhower as had not fallen before for a long ſeaſon. With a glow of cheerfulneſs ariſing from new convictions of the divine ſuperintendance, I ſet forward in this rain.

About half a mile out of town, a turnpike croſſed the road, and an elderly woman, by degrees, opened the gate: ſhe proved, however, to be a woman of obſervation and reaſon, at leaſt of reaſoning. How far, ſaid I, my honeſt woman, have I to travel to Llanelthy? To Llanelthy, ſaid ſhe: why, Sir, will you go to Llanelthy in this rain? Ay, ſaid I, certainly, and moſt willingly; and right glad am I to have the opportunity of ſo doing, after ſo long a drought upon the earth:* ſuch a rain as this, my good woman, will make your whole country once more alive. Yes, ſaid ſhe, GOD be thanked, and indeed it will—and the graſs

*No rain of any conſequence having fallen, in many parts of this nation, for many months.

on

on that little hillock, on the other ſide of the road, is grown greener within theſe two hours —it would ſurpriſe you to ſee how much! But the continuation of her ſhort diſcourſe afforded a pleaſant proof of the provincial cuſtoms and habits of theſe poor people.

If you go forward, ſaid ſhe, let me adviſe you to take off that ſkin from before you, and tie round your head and neck! It was in vain that I urged my large great coat and well-covered hat, as proofs of my being ſufficiently guarded againſt wind and weather: you had better, ſaid ſhe, take my advice—for we Welch always take care to guard againſt cold at our ears.

This ſhe had evidently taken care to do; for it ſeemed pretty certain, that the covering of her own head, which was compoſed of old handkerchiefs and flannel, had not been taken off to admit the injury of any air, or waſhing of her ſkin, for many a gloomy day and many a ſleepy night:—But ſuch a deſcription is not to be dwelt on by way of reproach, any more than for the ſake of its delicacy.

Our

Our minds, on ſuch occaſions, are involuntarily tranſported into the Southern ocean, to make compariſons of our new diſcoveries, with old ones among the Hottentots—then we recur to our old maxim at home, that *next to godlineſs is cleanlineſs*—but till we can be better ſatisfied, from obſervation, that benevolence, content, and enjoyment, are not as ſweetly felt, under the accumulated dirt of the poor people before us, as among our waſhings, bathings, and elegance, we may only be ſmiled at for drawing any great balance in our own favour! But while I would exchange a thought with the moraliſt, and ſatisfy myſelf *en paſſant*, with new proofs of the commonwealth of human happineſs; I would not lay a ſtumbling-block in the way of our wives and daughters, and thereby leſſen their zeal to excel in cleanlineſs and every rational ſpecies of œconomy.

In return for the kindneſs of this woman, I made my proper acknowledgments, but told her that the Engliſh people did not accuſtom themſelves to ſuch care of their ears, and were generally better and more comfortable without it.

it. She was evidently uneaſy and anxious about me, wiſhed me well through my danger, hoping I ſhould not get my death; and as I moved on, ſmiling, ſhe ſhrugged up her ſhoulders with much ſympathy, and crept into her hut.

LLANELTHY.

PUSHING forward as a traveller wiſhing to get from wet to dry, I reached a comfortable little Inn at Llanelthy, ſixteen miles in about two hours, which, conſidering the increaſing roughneſs, and even diſagreeableneſs of the road, was conſidered by my hoſt, when I got in, as very extraordinary travelling.

I was thankfully wet through when I alighted, and had eaten no dinner. But adjoining to the Inn was the pariſh churchyard, which immediately drew my attention ſo powerfully, by a ſecond diſplay of a ſcene which I had before remarked at Pile, that I could not reſiſt an inclination, wet and hungry as I was, to go into it, and indulge a ſecond moſt pleaſurable and ſympathetic ſpeculation among

among *flowery graves*, and the whited and ever-greened ſepulchres of the dead.

It may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, that on the very day of celebration, I ſhould have found old men and women, dwelling with affectionate contemplation—and children, with filial and fraternal tenderneſs, treading the paths which they had garniſhed round the graves of their departed parents and lamented relatives! But that was not the caſe. Whether ſuch abſence was owing to the wet which had fallen, or to any other particular cauſe, I know not: but though there were many dozens of graves, of different dimenſions, ornamented in this manner, I was the only contemplative being among them. It could not be, however, that ſo much pains ſhould have been taken without ſome particular view to the piety and ſacredneſs of this annual ſeaſon: and as I remarked a very general abſence of people on the roads, and in the ſtreets, I conclude that the day is more diſtinguiſhed among this ſimple, and, I hope, virtuous people, by ſequeſtration and annual mourning, than the more lively kind of ſacred celebration.

I found my Inn the abode of two moſt reſpectable perſons, of *their order*, in the middle ſtation of life. The landlord was a grave ſteady-looking man, having more the appearance of a venerable magiſtrate than an Engliſh landlord. His wife alſo, the mother of a numerous offspring of the moſt healthy-looking children, was more adapted if poſſible, than her huſband, to command reſpect: while the mildneſs and benignity of her aſpect could not fail of exciting the affection of real eſteem. This ſenſation, perhaps incompatible with dirt and naſtineſs, had full ſcope from the peculiar cleanlineſs and neatneſs of her perſon. She was faded a little in her countenance by child-bearing and maternal care—but on the whole, a woman calculated to adorn any dwelling, however ſacred to benevolence, piety, and love.

I began a converſation with her, by remarking on the church-yard ſcene; and obſerving her to be a woman of ſuperior, and, as I thought, of cultivated underſtanding, I aſked her concerning the antiquity of this cuſtom. She replied, that ſhe could not tell how old it might be—ſuppoſed it to have been long before

fore the time of our SAVIOUR—who ſeemed to allude to it as an eſtabliſhed cuſtom when he compared the Phariſees to "whited ſepul-"chres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, "but within they are full of dead men's bones, "and of all uncleanneſs." The alluſion, it is true, ſeemed far-fetched, both figuratively and literally; but the manner in which ſhe expreſſed herſelf, heightened my eſteem for the piety of her character, and left me no doubt of her high veneration for the ſincere and true religion of the heart.

I own that my pleaſure, ariſing from the *prettineſs*, at leaſt, of the practice, ſuffered a little from the alluſion of this ſenſible woman; and perhaps it is more natural for one to feel a ſomewhat readier aſſent to the opinions of a woman, when ſhe delivers them adorned with the more engaging qualities of her ſex, than to thoſe of a man, however recommended by learning and authority.

But I ſhall not quit the ſubject without again ſuppoſing it highly probable, that virtuous and worthy ſentiments, and ſoftening

beneficial feelings, are frequently excited in the minds of perſons, while thus innocently, and, as they think, virtuouſly employed: my imagination can eaſily reach to amiable and laſting effects of tenderneſs, and pious affection, and even to ſolemn impreſſions of mortality and another life, excited in little children, while they are buſied in this tender tribute of recollection and love for the dead.

Mankind is ſo variouſly conſtituted, circumſtanced, and prone to obduracy and evil, that we may reckon, and ſhould readily admit, among the uſeful and friendly, every cuſtom and peculiarity which has the leaſt counteracting tendency. The ſentiment of the poet is ſurely a good one,

"And all of GOD that bleſs mankind or mend."

The ſentiment alone, however, is valuable; for as to the grammar, though the production of *Pope*, if compared with the context, it will be found bad enough.

It is incredible, to a mind unaccuſtomed to mark the power of ſounds, in the production and

and aſſociation of ideas, what ſudden effects will ſometimes be produced, in a mind ſuſceptible of variety, by the recollection of a line in poetry, or a lively maxim of philoſophy. My reader ſees I have juſt quoted *Pope*: I quoted him in my mind, as I was moralizing among the flowers; and to that quotation may be morally or metaphyſically imputed the humour for verſification which directly followed.

A good-natured reader may indeed, at firſt, ſuſpect me of a more familiar intercourſe with the muſes than he may afterwards be able to allow me, when I tell him, that in a ſtate of corporeal hunger, after a long dirty ride, and in a continued chilling ſhower of rain, I ſhould conceive ſo ready an idea of recourſe to numbers, to aid my deſcription upon this occaſion; but on ſecond thoughts, he may attribute ſomething to the aſſociated idea of hunger, which is ſuppoſed to be no uncommon appendage of the ſpirit of poetry. For my own part, I, who had the feelings of the moment, and who am no ſceptic as to the power of ſympathy, will not venture to deny, that the

approximation which I had made to the ſpot that gave birth to the beautiful poem called GRONGAR-HILL, had ſome collateral influence upon me. However that be, the little eſſay which I ſhall here preſume to introduce, muſt ſtand or fall as it can, in the eſtimation of my readers.

THE GRAVES OF LLANELTHY.

Come, darling Muſe, who lov'ſt to ſing
The new-born bloſſoms of the ſpring;
Who lov'ſt to linger o'er the ground,
Where ſweet ſimplicity is found;
Where, void of pomp, devotion reigns,
And ſheds her freedom o'er the plains;
Where melancholy loves to dwell,
And all her liſten'd ſtory tell;
Where ancient yews their greenneſs ſhed,
Perpetual, o'er the ſilent dead:
Come thou, with ſlow and ſolemn gait,
And on theſe ſimple dirges wait;
And ſince thou dat'ſt thy birth from heav'n,
Where pow'rs of plaintive ſong are giv'n;

Since

Since thine's the delegated charm
The ſcorn of greatneſs to diſarm,
And raiſe fair virtue's even creſt
By kindling raptures of the breaſt;
Thoſe raptures let the bard divide
(Unus'd to take the mirthful ſide)
With them who draw their ſweet relief,
In conſtant cares, from holy grief;
Who love to dwell where wiſdom blooms,
And takes a tincture from the tombs;
Who, far remov'd from folly's dome,
Delight to make the *graves* their home;
And deck the regions of the dead,
By ſympathetic fondneſs led!—
Aſſiſt the poor—the infant train,
Nor let them deck thoſe graves in vain!
From *ſuperſtition* hold them free,
And take their tender cauſe on thee!

Hail, ſons of innocence and love,
That draw your ſolace from above;
Nor e'er diſdain to wear the grace
Of nature's undeformed face;
Where love, ev'n *death* cannot ſubdue;
But, as the *ſpring*, it glows anew;

Fair

Fair proof of that peculiar kind,
That ſhines but in th' immortal mind!
Then barter not your pleaſing pain,
But let your love, your life maintain!

Nor ſhall your tale in future age
Be ſpurn'd from the Poet's page;
But bards, delighted, ſhall rehearſe
Your virtues in their warmeſt verſe;
Paſs o'er the theme of ancient ſtrife,
When *Flemings* ſought your country's life;
Of *Roman* eagles, rear'd no more,
And *Anglia*, beaten from your ſhore:
From hiſtory's page, ſhall theſe reject,
And *fondneſs for the dead*, ſelect.

When through the fields the youthful feet
Bruſh forth, th' orient ſun to meet,
The infant ardour of the mind
Perceives the wint'ry froſt unbind,
And nature's renovated ſcene
Her ruſſet changing into green;
And here and there, on moſſy bank,
Which firſt the ſunny dew-drops drank,
A vernal bloſſom raiſe its head,
And bloom upon its ancient bed:

Or

Or bending age ſteals out again,
Once more to view the well-known plain;
And firſt the gladden'd ſenſe inhales
The new-born incenſe of the gales;
Then ſtrait their recollective pow'r
Recals the thought of that ſad hour,
When, nature's ſolemn tribute paid,
Their tend'reſt relatives were laid
In lowly tenements of clay,
For ever from the face of day!
Recurs the ſolemn ſpot hard by,
Where fathers, mothers, children, lie,
In wint'ry ſilence, all the while,
Unconſcious of the gen'ral ſmile!

Then melts the boſom—heaves the ſigh,
And tears bedew the kindred-eye;
Then ſympathetic love returns,
And with new-kindled fervor burns,
Still acquieſcent, while it mourns;
But inly wiſhes to impart
Some fond memorial of the heart,
And, ſome-way, with the ſacred dead,
To ſhare the goodneſs GOD hath ſhed;
Leſt, th' immortal ſpirit nigh
(Though call'd to glories of the ſky)

Should

Should juſtly deem them loſt to love,
And ſo upbraid them from above:

But conſcious of more faithful ties,
Th' ancient raiſe their aged eyes
To heav'n, in witneſs of their truth;
And thus appeal the melting youth;
By thoſe admoniſh'd, theſe prepare
Each well-known ſpot with pious care;
Mark out the little foot-way round,
And ſmooth, with art, the ſacred ground;
Then cull the wild flow'rs from the brake,
The primroſe and the vi'let take;
The crocus from the garden bring,
And each gay herald of the ſpring:
And while their buſy hands they ſpread,
Adorning all the precious bed,
And call to mind the fond embrace,
And dwell upon ſome parent's face;
Or prattling play-mate's gentle ſmile,
That us'd the moments to beguile;
Inſtructed by ſome grandſire's choice,
(Convey'd in ſecond childhood's voice)
The faireſt flow'r pick from the reſt,
And plant it blooming o'er the breaſt;

And

And laſtly, when the work of love,
That vies with meekneſs of the dove,
Is ended, and their eyes ſurvey
The decorations of the day,—
As youth and age, a tender train,
Returning to their cots again,
Full oft they ſtop to trace once more
The ſcene from which they turn'd before;
And linger on the ſacred place,
While ſolemn ſadneſs pales their face;
And oft, as round th' ideal bier,
They ſhed again the mournful tear;
And with the fondeſt parting view,
They breathe their ſilent, laſt adieu!

Let not the proud, or the profane,
Theſe rites of nature's woes diſdain;
Nor cold philoſophy, the mode
Of ſuch benignant worth explode;
Nor ſtern ſectarian zealots blame
Such incenſe, offer'd in the name
Of Him who wept o'er *Laz'rus'* grave,
Nor, without tears, mankind could ſave;
But rather hope that thoſe who weep
For others, ſhall their meekneſs keep,
And when they die, in joy ſhall reap!

So much for numbers. After refreſhing myſelf and my horſe at the remarkable houſe of entertainment, into which I had been caſually drawn; and before I took leave of my goodly hoſt and his ſpouſe, I had a mind to have a parting converſation of the ſerious kind, with a woman who ſeemed ſo well qualified for ſentiment; and therefore expreſſed my wonder, that after ſo curious a decoration of the adjoining ground, none of the inhabitants of the village ſhould be found walking and muſing among thoſe graves, which for that very day they had been at ſuch pains to adorn!

She ſaid ſhe deemed it a good ſign—for as they had on that day *preaching* in the village, it had, in her opinion, a far better appearance, that the people ſhould be ſeriouſly employed *in hearing the word of* GOD, inſtead of miſſpending their time among the graves of the dead. I needed, now, no further information, to be convinced that I was got into an Inn kept by perſons of the *methodiſt communion*. And while I ſecretly enjoyed the idea of religious principle and ſcrupuloſity, among ſtrong liquors, I could not help reflecting on the common-

common-place, and inconſiderate readineſs, with which numbers of religious people are found to exalt the feeble effuſions of frail humanity, into the auguſt title of *the Word of* GOD!

It cannot but be a circumſtance highly grateful to one who conſiders burial places, and houſes of religious worſhip, with ſerious regard, to hear a due degree of reſpect aſcribed under any religious profeſſion, to the real "miniſtry of (or concerning) the Word." But when we reflect on the unparallelled ſolemnity of *the Word of* GOD, as recorded in the pages of inſpiration—when we particularly conſider the following awful deſcription of it, with which the apoſtle *John* opens his goſpel: "In the beginning was the word, and "the word was with GOD, and the word was "GOD. The ſame was in the beginning with "GOD. All things were made by him; and "without him was not any thing made that "was made. In him was life; and the life "was the light of men. And the light ſhineth "in darkneſs; and the darkneſs comprehended "it not." When, I ſay, we contemplate all this,

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this, and (as we muſt do) conſider this "Word "of GOD," as the ſenſible out-going, energy, or emanation, of his indiviſible and infinite nature—with what awful reverence ſhould we not ſhrink from the idea of aſcribing any ſuch title to a frail human diſcourſe, however ſerious and excellent in itſelf!

Theſe obſervations, I am aware, may lead to explanations of certain qualified ſenſes, in which the phraſe that I have noticed is to be conſidered as underſtood. But with the ſcholaſtic divine I have no diſpoſition to diſpute in this place. I only plead for the ſerious and ſcriptural diſtinction of language, ſo neceſſary for the mind of man to have in perpetual remembrance, in any alluſion to his own natural or even illuminated powers. Caution and reverence can never be too much regarded, or pleaded for, in an age of infidelity on the one hand, and prevailing enthuſiaſm on the other.

The converſation with my landlady being brought to a concluſion, I left her in the midſt of her fine family of children, ſtudying the ſcriptures in a large handſome octavo bible, and

and occaſionally referring to Biſhop *Burkitt*'s folio expoſition, which lay by her on the table. Some of my readers may think it an uncommon anecdote of a landlady; but I aſſure them it is no more ſtrange than true.

KIDWELLY.

FROM Llanelthy, a ride of about ſeven or eight miles, brings the traveller to the little town and port of Kidwelly. On the weſternmoſt ſide of it, ſtands one entire gothic gate over the road; and at a ſmall diſtance, formerly connected with it, ſtand the remains of the once-famous and magnificent caſtle of this place. The approach of evening, and the yet-remaining diſtance of nine miles to Carmarthen, prevented my indulging the pleaſure of walking round the ruins, and taking a nearer view of this once-noble edifice, by far the largeſt caſtle which this neighbourhood furniſhes for the traveller's admiration.

Indeed I found myſelf attracted forward by an object, more lively in my imagination, and which

which I hoped to get a ſight of, ere the *ſun* went down, from a ſpot, where it

"Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
"And glitters on the broken rocks."

But I was diſappointed: the ſhadows of the evening, thickened by a cloudy atmoſphere, came too faſt upon me, and obſcured from my longing eyes the celebrated region of *Grongar-hill.* This obſcurity was ſo ſudden and complete, as ſoon to give my mind a picture of the moſt ſolemn ſolitude that can well be imagined in an elevated country.

A ſtranger, accuſtomed to think on the danger of travelling alone in ſome unfrequented parts of this nation, where men are continually preying on men, might have felt ſome unpleaſant ſenſations, and have been ſolicitous about his ſafe arrival in the vicinity of a warm and comfortable Inn; but in theſe more ſimple and honeſt regions, a ſtranger has nothing to fear.

A highway

A highway-robbery is ſeldom heard of in Wales. A man may travel on the high road for miles together without meeting one living creature: and if by chance he meet an inoffenſive country Welchman, walking, or even riding on his palfry, he is ſure to be ſaluted in the moſt friendly manner; or rather with tokens of reſpect, bordering on veneration, as due to a being of ſome ſuperior order. By day he may enjoy at his eaſe, the grandeur of elevation which repeatedly occurs in this ſtage —and if benighted as I was, he has only to be as quiet in his own mind as the world ſeems to be around him, and he is as ſecure as he could wiſh: he will ſeveral times find himſelf nearly on a level with the ſummit of the higheſt ſurrounding mountains, and may look down, by day-light, into vallies on the one hand, and the channel on the other, with ſenſations of uncommon pleaſure.

The roads indeed, in this diſtrict, are often ſo hilly and rough, as to require a very gradual movement. But the nearer we approach to Carmarthen, the better they become, and for ſeveral miles towards the laſt, they are ſo good

as to excite wonder, how they ſhould be kept, by the travelling of the country, in ſuch a ſtate of perfection. They are rounded with true judgment, neatly bounded by banks and hedges, (which latter are kept very neatly cut) and drained by ditches on both ſides.

The unpleaſant circumſtance of the darkneſs attending the latter part of this ſtage, was felt in proportion as I approached the neighbourhood of the river—the beautifully winding, and more beautifully celebrated, *Towy*; and *Grongar-hill*, I afterwards found, was at too great a diſtance from this part of the road to be ſeen diſtinctly, had the light of the ſun, inſtead of the dimneſs of the moon, prevailed, and rendered the region as delightful as when the Poet ſang. But what the eye could not ſee on a ſpot ſo honoured by the harmony of numbers, it was the province of the imagination to picture and dwell upon with rapture.

Every image of that charming little poem to which I now allude, occurred to my remembrance, with double force, from a conſciouſneſs of the vicinity of the ſcene.

Theſe

Theſe were not moments of gloom, correſpondent with the gloom of the ſurrounding atmoſphere—they were moments of real ſympathy, if ever ſuch I felt: my mind ſeemed to partake of the ſpirit of poetic enthuſiaſm, and ſang her evening tribute of admiration over *Dyer*'s grave.

Deſcending from the eminences of many a mile, I at length croſſed the Towy by a conſiderable bridge, and entered the town of Carmarthen. But before I got leave to enter, an occurrence happened, which diſcompoſed, in ſome degree, the ſerenity and poetic tranquility of my breaſt.

Turnpike-gates are frequent in Wales; and a traveller, to be happy throughout, muſt ſtand reconciled to the paying twice within a few hundred yards: but at the time of my travels, however it may be in future, the poor old women, who generally keep theſe gates, were tedious in their movements, and often abſent from their ſtations. I had been obliged, after waiting long at the laſt gate, to draw the bolt, and go through without paying. But at the

entrance of this town I was compelled to pay back my money again.

The woman, who was about ſixty, was goſſiping with a neighbour at a great diſtance from the gate; and after I had made her hear me, it was no ſmall time before ſhe could make her inactivity bring her to my aid. Then ſhe had to unlock her door in the dark —then to light her farthing candle, which ſhe very deliberately did, and as leiſurely brought and hung it on the hatch of the door: the wind blew it, or the rain waſhed it, out: ſhe repaired again to her fire, while I was beſeeching her to let me through—for that I wanted neither candle nor lantern: ſhe muttered Welch, brought her farthing candle again to the charge, and placed it behind the door. "How long, my good woman," ſaid I, "in "the name of patience, am I to be kept here?" She again muttered Welch, and went backwards to her fire-place. Rain and wind grew more tireſome. She came forward again—not, to be ſure, like the angel in the Revelations, but *with a pair of balances in her hand*—theſe were laid down by the candle—more Welch —and

—and then, without opening the gate, ſhe came up to my ſtirrup, and held out her hand. The penny had been long ready, and I gave it her—ſtill beſeeching her to let me paſs. She again muttered Welch, and began to weigh my copper. Neither of the two, though given me at the laſt ſtage, would do. I produced all I had, but was ſtill wanting in the balance: and I did not get through at laſt, but by the expedient of paying two for one. It was really one of thoſe vexatious moments, in which a man may learn how to make ſome allowances for another, who, in the abſence of philoſophy and chriſtian patience, may wiſh a fellow-creature at the *d—l*.

But before a man has gotten the maſtery over ſuch a raſhneſs of mind, we may ſet him down as unfit to travel. Wherever we go, we ſhould always carry with us the moſt exemplary manners, and endeavour, all we can, that thoſe manners ſhould flow from a diſciplined and rectified mind—for we ſhall be ſure to *find* errors and vulgar wiſhes enough, without our diſtributing more, and adding to the

general ſtock of impiety:—Thus I reaſoned, and moralized my way into

CARMARTHEN,

ABOUT half an hour after eight in the evening, and was directed to a good Inn, viz. the *Ivy-Buſh*; but it being aſſize time, the waiter had well nigh given me a diſmiſſion to another houſe, after I had put my horſe into the ſtable. It was doubtful, he ſaid, whether I could have a room, or even a bed. He looked at my weather-beaten, and as he ſeemed to ſuppoſe, ungentlemanlike, appearance—they were very full—he did not know exactly, &c.

I, who have made it a rule of my life, if one thing will not do, to try another with patience, had returned to the ſtable, and ordered out my horſe again, when a female ſervant came running with her miſtreſs's apology, and intreaties that I would come back—for that ſhe could accommodate me, and would be happy to do it in the moſt comfortable manner.

Now

Now a man who will not, in ſuch circumſtances, conſider the impertinence of a waiter as duſt in the balance againſt a kind meſſage from a ſenſible woman, conveyed by a pretty benignant female meſſenger, has neither taſte nor feeling! I had too lively a remembrance of the kindneſs of *Angelina*, and my newly married landlady at Cowbridge, not to feel, on this occaſion, the moſt grateful ſenſations, and the utmoſt readineſs to return.

Prudentia, for this ſhall be the name of my new acquaintance, met me in the paſſage, with a repetition of all proper apology; and as I uncaſed myſelf, and ſhewed that I was neither a Jew nor a Barbarian, ſhe beſpake my excuſe with much ſenſibility and politeneſs, and conducted me herſelf into a warm and comfortable room, juſt prepared for ſupper.

How eaſily, ſaid I to myſelf, may a ſtranger be impoſed upon, in this world, by hearkening to an ignorant and impertinent *man*; but under the ſanction of a ſweet and amiable *woman*, there is ſecurity, pleaſure, and reſt!

Supper

Supper for an expected company of about a dozen was soon served in. I had rather wished for a solitary evening, being weary, and disposed to write a few pages of my travels, rather than engage in conversation: therefore it was no mortification to me to find only three companions at the *table*. These were very young men, and their countenances marked with that modesty and simplicity which are ever ornamental to inexperienced youth.

Having been myself much accustomed to the company of young persons, I was felicitating myself on the agreeable kind of association, which I should have with these, who (being attorney's clerks) were not defective in capacity or knowledge suitable to their years and station. They were so much the reverse of some young men, of the same class, in large cities, that I could not help concluding the simple manners of the country were discoverable even in them.

But suddenly came in two young rakish tradesmen, who, after eating supper, called for a large bowl of liquor, on the presumption that they

they ſhould be joined by the others in ſpending the evening, according to the vulgar idea, in a jolly way. But in that they were diſappointed, for the young attornies took the firſt opportunity of withdrawing; and, wiſhing me, very reſpectfully, a good night, left the rakes to the enjoyment of their own intemperate ideas.

For my own part, I, who all my life had been accuſtomed to turn a deaf ear to prodigality and wantonneſs, amuſed myſelf very ſilently with my own reflections—till the gueſts, finding they were but poor company for me and for each other, departed, which was in leſs than an hour. But that ſpace was ſufficiently long for a fooliſh converſation on dogs, foxes, and hunting, enlivened (if it can be ſo called) with oaths and profaneneſs.

The coarſe converſation and amuſements of theſe perſons could not but naturally lead me into a freſh contemplation, on a ſubject, which every rational ſtudent in the worthy employment of time muſt often have been drawn into, from that too prevalent abuſe of it which almoſt every day preſents.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS ON HUNTING.

To cenſure the common recreations, which are ſo generally ranked among the pleaſures of a gentleman, is an attempt from which the moraliſt muſt expect but ſmall reputation, either for his taſte or his judgment. Yet, as there is on every ſubject a right and a wrong ſide, and every practice, however indifferent deemed, is founded in truth or error; it will be no preſumptuous or improper attempt, on this occaſion, to take a paſſing view of the more common pleas for the rational and advantageous amuſements of modern hunting.

I ſay *modern*, not as ſuppoſing the *ancient* practices of hunting, and otherwiſe deſtroying the brute creation, for exerciſe and amuſement, to have been more rational and worthy than thoſe of the preſent times; but becauſe antiquity of practice can add nothing to the rationality and rectitude of any practice whatever—unleſs, indeed, known and acknowledged *vice*, could ſtand juſtified by antiquity, becauſe wickedneſs, and impropriety of conduct,

duct, have been almoſt co-exiſtent with the being of man.

"A man of fortune and leiſure (it will be "ſaid) muſt have ſome amuſements with "which to fill up his time, or he would be "uncomfortable: and therefore, as hunting "and field ſports are not forbidden by revela-"tion, there can be no good reaſon why they "ſhould not be indulged in."

The deſcription of "a man of fortune and "leiſure," pre-ſuppoſes that he has acquired by his own right or wrong exertion—has inherited from others without any merit or demerit of his own—or has acquired by mere accident, a greater ſhare of wealth than falls to the lot of the generality of mankind.

But theſe perſonal circumſtances, in which a man, from whatever cauſe, becomes placed, can be no warrant for him to ſpend his time in ſports and mere amuſements of any kind, unleſs it can be proved that they have for their object, or in their tendency, the greateſt poſſible good, or at leaſt ſome ſuperior good to the generality

generality of his ſpecies, and particularly the promotion of the happineſs of the poor and laborious claſſes, from whom he conſiders himſelf as diſtinguiſhed. Pre-eminence of ſtation can only be the rational pre-eminence of doing good, by *precept*, *example*, and *communication*.

Now it muſt ſurely require a different kind of logic from that which the principles of wiſdom have ever yet admitted, to prove that any of thoſe good ends can be beſt promoted, if promoted at all, by the clamorous ſports, and idle amuſements of human beings among the beaſts of the field—ſo long, at leaſt, as it is an obvious truth, that the ſuppoſed ſuperfluity of the wealth or leiſure of ſuch individuals, may be *directly* applied to the immediate relief and comfort of the numerous poor, which in every country are the attendants of a ſtate of ſociety; and who, wherever they exiſt, have an indiſpenſible moral claim on the firſt care and munificence of their opulent fellow-beings.

The activity of man can only be directed to one thing at a time; and reaſon preſcribes a moral

moral obligation, that that activity ſhould ever be directed, from action to action, perpetually —to thoſe engagements which are the moſt worthy, becauſe moſt obviouſly promotive of the general eaſe and comfort of the needy. To this principle, as a teſt of propriety and good, ſhould every action of human beings, and even, if poſſible, every *volition* of the human mind, be brought.

"But," (ſay the advocates for ſports and field amuſements) "admitting the propriety "of ſuch reaſoning, with reference to *religion*— "a thing which we would by no means reject; "and admitting the greater beauty of a ſym- "pathizing and benevolent employment of "*all* our leiſure time; what is to become of "our fields, and young cattle, if no pains "ſhall be taken to exterminate noxious ani- "mals, that would otherwiſe prey upon the "induſtry of man, and the fruitfulneſs of our "flocks and herds?"

Why, if it be poſſible to prevent the dangerous increaſe of thoſe animals by publick hunting, ſurely it muſt be poſſible to do it with

with more effect, by aſſigning the taſk to a few labouring perſons, in appointed diſtricts, who would find no more difficulty in the buſineſs, by means of traps and ſnares, than they now do in catching more numerous moles: while, if the loweſt employments be moſt proper to poor and illiterate perſons, the rule of propriety would in thoſe inſtances be preſerved.

"But how ſhould we be able to take, and "appropriate for food, thoſe beaſts, which "though ſwift of foot, and of a wild nature, "are wholeſome and pleaſant for food, and "conſequently a part of the ſubſiſtence of "man?"

Undoubtedly they, alſo, may be taken by eaſier means than by the wildneſs of a publick chace; while the needleſs expence of a ſuperfluous number of horſes and dogs, bred with trouble, and kept as a burden on the community, might, in a conſiderable degree, be ſpared. And every ſaving of unneceſſary labour in the culture of the earth, and in the conſumption of its fruits, would contribute proportionably to the more eaſy, plentiful, and comfortable ſubſiſtence of mankind, and of thoſe

thoſe uſeful animals that are neceſſary and beneficial to ſociety.

Dying and diſtempered beaſts might be more decently and wholeſomely buried under the earth, than kept above it, as the food of ravenous dogs: the common practice alſo of feeding thoſe ſuperfluous dogs with the proper food of man, would be leſſened, and conſequently the miſapplication of labour and attention would be leſſened likewiſe.

"But, if the peaſantry were to be employed "in taking, by private contrivance, thoſe edi- "ble animals which are the objects of the "publick chace, at the ſame time that they "furniſh amuſement for the owners of the "lands, we ſhould rarely have our tables ſup- "plied with ſuch a kind of food; it would "become common to all claſſes, and of benefit "to but few."

It is *reſtraint* which in a great degree increaſes the deſire of the ſubordinate claſſes of men, to poſſeſs themſelves of things forbidden; and it is at leaſt a rational doubt, whether the

the deſire of the laborious man, to eat game, would not be diminiſhed in proportion to the eaſy methods practiſed of taking it; even admitting, for argument's ſake, that man has a natural right of appropriating, to the excluſive uſe of the opulent claſſes, thoſe animals that are naturally no man's property before they are taken.

But on a ſuppoſition that it would be a right inſtitution, in civil ſociety, to appropriate thoſe creatures, and even to extend an appropriation to the birds of the air, and the fiſhes that ſwim in the ſtreams; it is no more difficult to ſuppoſe that laws and regulations may be adopted, quite as effectual to the increaſe and partial ſecurity of particular animals, after a general diſcontinuance of the preſent ſyſtem of field ſports, and ſuppoſed neceſſary amuſements, as while they ſubſiſt.

" But ſuppoſing *that* to be poſſible, and the " foregoing arguments for the pleaſures of the " field to be ever ſo cogent and rational; what " are we to think of the evident deſign of " nature in the formation and bent of different " animals?

"animals? The different ſpecies of dogs have "their different deſigns—are as naturally prone "to particular purſuits of other animals, as to "eat the food that is given them; and the "horſe enjoys with the dog, the ardour of the "chace, as much as man, who deviſes and "conducts it; therefore we have, at once, an "argument founded in nature for the reaſon-"ableneſs of our pleaſures."

It is certainly as eaſy to urge this objection now, as though it had not been urged, with equal wiſdom, a thouſand times before; but it remains to be proved to have any ſolid foundation in the general nature of the animals, independant of that habitual bent of ferocity, which the arts and devices of man have produced.

The horſe, it is certain, would feel no propenſity to purſue, or join in a ſanguinary chace with other animals, from any property of nature inherent in himſelf; and even by the influence of man's devices upon him, he but gradually, and uncertainly, contracts habits of exertion and eagerneſs, which, whenever he

does, are attended with pain, and the danger of injury to himſelf, as well as frequently to his rider, without any natural object of ultimate gratification before him.

The dog may be ſaid to have in ſome inſtances, a more direct and particular bias from nature; but that bias remains to be proved to be the appointed means of *a barbarous ſport*, inſtead of an *occaſional convenience* to man, under the regulations of reaſon and ſobriety: and it is principally obſervable, that thoſe particular ſpecies of dogs that are the moſt uſeful in the deſtruction of vermin and noxious animals, have the ſtrongeſt *natural* propenſities to their prey;—while the hound, and the greyhound, would rarely, from natural inſtinct, leave the domeſtic haunts of men, to ſearch far abroad for the hare, or to gratify *themſelves* by a diſtant chace.

Neither would the bull-dog, adapted as he may ſeem to be, and ferocious as he is when brought to, and ſet upon, the object which man has marked out for him, voluntarily wage war with the bull. After human contrivance, in

in urging and directing his ferocity, he may be ſaid to furniſh ſome *plauſible* argument in favour of a particular adaption; but perhaps a more *real* one, in proof of the ſtill greater brutality of man. No *good* man, at leaſt, will ſuppoſe that the barbarous practice of bull-baiting hath been ſanctioned by the author of nature, in a particular appointment of the dog, for man's amuſement in that brutal ſport. But admitting, for a moment only, that man may derive a ſanction for thoſe amuſements from the ſuppoſed capacity of brutes to enjoy them—ſtill it will follow, that man is pleading for a kind of gratification to himſelf, which, according to his own argument, he has but in common with brutes, and therefore not very diſtinguiſhing, or characteriſtic of his ſuperior dignity.

Man is ſo fearfully, as well as wonderfully, made, that he is equally capable of perverting the powers of his own immortal mind, and of exciting and ſpreading confuſion and horror among the beaſts around him. But if he has the rational and accountable powers of moral improvement and gentleneſs in himſelf, and that improvement be the higheſt glory of his

nature, it follows that his promotion of a ſpirit of gentleneſs inſtead of ferocity, even among the brutes that inhabit the earth with him, is no unworthy object of his care.

It is certain, that the preſent ſyſtem of publick hunting is directly calculated to give pain and lingering terror to ſome creatures, moſt gentle and inoffenſive in their nature, and conſequently to *increaſe*, inſtead of endeavouring to *leſſen*, miſery in the creation. To this we may ſafely add, that no man ever returned from what is called the *enjoyment* of the chace, without having ſuffered in the ſoftneſs and gentleneſs of his feelings; or without ſome diminution of that meekneſs of his nature, the cultivation and growth of which are ſo eſſential to the preparation for—his laſt day!

The chief glory of man, as a being capable of reaſon and ſpeech, is, "to order his con-"verſation aright," and to be found delighting in acts of dignity, of tenderneſs, and love. This diſtinction a ſenſible man is not likely to gain, in proportion to his capacity for the *wiſe*, the *tender*, and the *good*, ſo long as he can dwell

dwell with pleaſure on ſcenes of oppreſſive tumult, and (like one who has no muſick, or capacity for delight, in himſelf) be delighted with the muſick of madneſs, and the howling of hariers.

With the foregoing reflections I finiſhed a ſolitary half hour, and withdrew for repoſe to my chamber, which, before I quitted it in the morning, was a place of ſtill more ſerious meditation.

I went eaſily to reſt, and ſlept ſoundly till ſix in the morning; but then ſuddenly awoke with moſt painful ſenſations of an inflammatory ſore throat. This was to me at firſt the more extraordinary, becauſe I had not been ſenſible of any ſuch approaching ſymptoms in the foregoing evening. The cauſe muſt have been derived from the wetneſs of my ride from Swanſea, and too little care on my part to guard againſt the effects of wet linen about my neck.

So far had the inflammation proceeded, imperceptibly, that I could not but with the

greateſt difficulty expectorate or ſwallow. No ſooner became I fully ſenſible of my ſudden affliction and ſituation, than I began to feel ſome very peculiar impreſſions of mind, reſpecting the frailty, and infirmity, of human exiſtence—which, with a view to excite ſome profitable ſerioufneſs in my readers, I ſhall here ſet down.

As a man ſuddenly and moſt ſeriouſly alarmed with the convictions of human impotence, and ſtruck with a peculiar awe of that infinite power, in whoſe perpetual keeping is the breath of every living thing, I lay for a while motionleſs, and incapable of ſpeech. At length ſome tears of humility and meekneſs, as in the preſence of an infinitely powerful and good being, procured me ſome relief, and were the fore-runners of a ſilent ejaculation; of which the following was the ſubſtance:—

"Thou Being of all beings, who art the "only ſource of power and life for ever! How "weak is man—and how preſumptuous the "ſons of men—not to remember continually, "thy ſovereign authority, and thy glorious attributes!

"attributes! That every day we live, and "every breath we draw, are the effects of thy "power and goodneſs; and that all affliction "and infirmity, however ſmall or great, how-"ever ſudden, or however delayed, come by "the divine permiſſion of THEE, who alone "canſt preſerve in this world, and from the "terrors of a world to come!"

My mind had no ſooner felt the full ſolemnity of this ſubject, than I was comforted with the perſuaſion of the divine ſufficiency; and the attendant ſenſe of the goodneſs of the creator and preſerver of men, was ſuperior to any alarm, about the poſſibility of being obliged to end, in that place, my ſhort travels, and the ſhort journey of life! Still the poſſibility of not recovering from a diſeaſe ſo ſudden and ſo violent, was a ſerious conſideration.

Upon this occaſion I am willing to run the riſque of being accounted timorous, *hyppiſh*, or whatever any of my readers may think fit to ſuppoſe, if happily I may have the chance of exciting any profitable reflections in the minds of *others:* nor will it be deemed by ſuch,

ſuch, a kind or degree of ſerioufneſs, unſuitable to the occaſion, when they ſhall conſider how ſlight a degree of inflammation need be added to ſuch an one as I have above deſcribed, to produce the event of mortality in ſuch a frame as ours.

And whoever ſhall have been acquainted with the affections of a feeling heart, under ſymptoms of ſudden danger, will not be ſurpriſed, that on this occaſion, I ſhould naturally feel a weight of ſolicitude, and even remorſe, about numerous purpoſes of mental improvement unaccompliſhed—of little offices of duty towards fellow-beings, undiſcharged—opportunities of brotherly-kindneſs neglected—offences not before fully forgiven, as I would that mine ſhould be forgiven of GOD! In ſhort, the cloud of witneſs againſt me, proving, at a time when witneſs had all its power, that I had not ſufficiently regarded the awful injunction, "Set thine houſe in order, for thou "ſhalt die and not live!"

Circumſtances too, of the tender, domeſtick kind, were not wanting to augment the ſerioufneſs

neſs of that hour. *Maria*, the ever-faithful companion of all my cares, was remembered, with thoſe feelings of a huſband's boſom, which can admit of no adequate deſcription; and the tender and duteous *Narciſſa*, the ſole object of my paternal affection, ſtood in idea before me—both ſilently expreſſive of a tendereſt anxiety for me—and of natural alarm, at the firſt idea of a poſſible ſeparation from me. To be confined in the bed of ſtrangers, to languiſh a few days at a diſtance from all who knew me, and to die before any of my ſympathizing acquaintance could be appriſed of my danger, were circumſtances of poſſibility too tender not to make their way into my heart; or my heart, however hardened at other times by the hoſtilities of this world, was yet too ſoft to be unimpreſſed with ſympathy, for thoſe who might ſo ſuddenly feel the loſs of my poor abilities and affections.

It is on ſuch occaſions as this, that the ſtrength of friendſhip is tried, and we know the force of that kind of affection, which, though the frailty of human paſſions may ſometimes a little check in the bloſſom, can rarely,

rarely, becauſe growing from the living principle of virtue, be decayed or weakened in the root!

It is from ſuch touches of humiliation and ſympathy, that we gather the trueſt conviction of the mind, reſpecting the beauty of that ſentiment of holy writ: "Sorrow is better than "laughter; for by the ſadneſs of the counte-"nance the heart is made better."

High health, and a vigorous flow of the animal ſpirits, ſo generally coveted and rejoiced in, as the chief good of the preſent life, may aid our bravery, and augment our forgetfulneſs of the ſofter and more reverent duties; but it is from affliction, and apprehenſions of danger, that the ſalutary leſſons of recollection, tenderneſs, and piety, are moſt powerfully and happily learned!

Whenever we are favoured with them, we ſhould acknowledge them as that ſpecies of heavenly friendſhip, which claims our proportionate gratitude; nor ſhould we be backward to ſet them down as admonitions to our fellow-pilgrims.

But "to every thing there is a ſeaſon;" and the Being who formed, and who ſuperintends our exiſtence, is wiſely pleaſed to approve our humble endeavours to prolong our life, by all prudent and careful exertion. In the ſituation above deſcribed, I had recourſe to a remedy which, for that time, appeared both ſimple and practical: the kind of diſeaſe which I felt, appearing to me to be a powerful obſtruction of the animal juices in the region of the glands, I conceived that warmth, and a ſtrong friction, were the rational means of my relief; accordingly, after rubbing my throat well, though with much pain, with a woollen cloth, I bound it up with a covering of the ſame, under my linen, and over that tied two ſilk handkerchiefs which I happened to have about me; and the morning being fine, I mounted my horſe and rode to St. Cleare, nine miles, to breakfaſt.

At firſt the motion of my horſe was exceedingly painful; but perſeverance and briſk riding, ſoon threw me into a perſpiration, which gradually circulating the blood and juices, procured me aſtoniſhing relief, and by the time I got

got to St. Cleare, all ſymptoms of danger ſeemed to have ſubſided into eaſe, and appetite for my *breakfaſt*, which ſoon after my arrival was very decently and comfortably ſet before me.

There is, in the œconomy of a Welch houſhold, at leaſt among the middle claſſes of the people, a mixture of indelicacy and cleanlineſs, which we are not accuſtomed to obſerve in the houſewifery of Engliſh women. Continual inſtances of this are preſented to our obſervation. One inſtance of the kind, though ſmall in itſelf, yet not uncharacteriſtic, was furniſhed at my breakfaſt board. A very clean and handſome china tea-pot was brought me, which in itſelf would have ſuited with the elegance of any common equipage; but the lid of it was very providently tied to the handle with a piece of coarſe tape, which ſeemed to have been once red, but which, from frequent dipping in water, perhaps for a ſeries of many months, was now become of ſo foul a complexion as to reſemble an old ſhoe-ſtring, or the colour of a piece of ruſty bacon. But a good appetite, and aſſiduous attention to pleaſe,

were

were circumſtances that rendered my morning-repaſt ſufficiently inviting and pleaſant.

I had no ſooner breakfaſted and walked into the little farm-yard, (for it was a farm as well as an inn) than my attention was called to another curioſity of the cleanly ſort, viz. the manner of a Welch woman's waſhing her face. An Engliſh woman, who waſhes herſelf in a morning, will ſcarcely believe it poſſible that one of her ſex ſhould be attentive to the charms of one part of her face, while the other, which makes up the important whole of what ſhe ſo much depends upon for admiration, ſhould be neglected, as an unimportant part of her perſon; but ſo it was in this inſtance; the cleanſing of the water was not permitted to reach further than the two eyes and the regions of the noſe and mouth; and even theſe parts were only touched with the ends of the fingers; the arms and hands being covered with a pair of woollen mits: an equally partial application of her woollen apron, by way of napkin, finiſhed this morning buſineſs.

Neither

Neither was this motley example of cleanlineſs exhibited by one of the loweſt order—but by a handſome young woman, evidently of ſome account in the family, if not the daughter of my landlord himſelf.

I do not ſet down theſe inſtances of Welch delicacy as matter of reproach, any more than for the imitation of my fair country-women; but to ſhew them the face of variety, and to prove, that however the Welch ſiſterhood may be thought to exceed them in general beauty, and to equal them in modeſty and goodneſs of heart, there are yet ſome requiſites to female excellence, in which my own country women have an advantage over them.

After about two hours reſt, and finding my indiſpoſition from my ſore throat greatly removed, I purſued my journey towards *Tenby*. But in this ſtage my attention was called to a character which gave riſe to ſome new reflections.

THE

THE LUNATIC.

I have before remarked on the agreeable ſcarcity of beggars.

As I was riding up to the ſummit of a hill I was ſuddenly ſtartled from a contemplation, by the appearance of a human being, who came from behind a thicket, in the attitude of begging. At firſt I could not be without my ſuſpicions of his being a deſigning deſperado, inſtead of a ſupplicant fellow-creature: there was ſomething ſo exceedingly terrific in his appearance at firſt ſight. But after a moment's reflection and remark, that ſuſpicion ſubſided, and left the mind in uncommon diſtreſs at ſuch a proſpect of human ſhape and wretchedneſs.

This man was tall and luſty, beyond the general ſize of men, and but for ſome few rags which covered about half his naked body, might have been conſidered more like a wild inhabitant of ſome ſavage region, than as a being accuſtomed to any intercourſe with civil ſociety: his hair was grown wild upon his head, and his beard long and matted, to a greater reſemblance of "eagle's feathers," than

I had

I had ever before beheld. His ſkin ſeemed to have been never waſhed, and to have more the appearance of the polluted ſwine's than of the human covering.

As ſoon as I had ſecured the management of my horſe, which took fright at the firſt ſight of ſo unuſual an object, I diſpoſed myſelf to hear the petition of ſo miſerable a ſtranger: but I miſapplied the word *miſerable*—he was at leaſt as happy as I was—and if, reaſoning from the ſtrongeſt appearance may warrant my ſaying ſo, all his wants, at that time, were concentered in that of a freſh quid of tobacco. This was the ſole ſubject of his petition, which was preferred in broken Engliſh, but with all the ſimple confidence and familiarity of a deranged underſtanding.

Never was I ſo well pleaſed with the freſh flavour of a pipe of Virginia, after a hard travel in a rainy day, as with a diſcovery that I had accidentally got the fragment of a paper of tobacco in a corner of my pocket; but never did I wiſh more for the vicinity of the tobacconiſt's door, that I might have alighted,

and

and increaſed the happineſs of this fellow-being, by augmenting the ſtore of the wealth and luxury of his imagination.

However, I gave him every corn I had, wrapped up in the paper, that he might not loſe one. He did not thank me—he had no ideas of gratification or reſpect beyond himſelf; but ſmiled through his long and ſhaggy beard, as one completely unconſcious of pain or trouble—of any inferiority on a compariſon with a cleaner, or clothed being. He would not ſee my face again; but fixing his eyes on his tobacco, which he held in one hand, and leaning on a large club which he carried in the other, he paſſed from me, ſmiling and muttering on his way.

I of courſe enquired, the firſt opportunity I had, reſpecting this poor wandering creature; but he was certainly no native of the neighbourhood, for his character was unknown among the country people. He was therefore an itinerant lunatic; and if we may indulge a probable ſpeculation, as much a child of freedom, dominion, and happineſs, as though ele-

vated by human diſtinction, "clothed in purple and fine linen," and adorned with a ſtar and a garter.

"Fine ſenſe to madneſs is allied."

Sang Prior, or ſome other poet, whom I remember to have read before I had been uſed to conſider the philoſophy of the ſentiment. But there ſeems to be ſcarcely a ſubject within the notice of the human mind, more curious in itſelf, or more intereſting in ſpeculation, than the properties of madneſs.

This ſubject might, indeed, be ſtill more curious and informing, were it poſſible for the ſagacity of any human mind to fix the criterion of rationality, and to determine, by principles applicable to the determination of all characters—where ſanity ends, and inſanity begins. One maxim may be, perhaps almoſt unexceptionably, laid down, that however great, or however diverſified the derangements of the human intellect, no man is found capable of believing that *his* underſtanding is deranged, or that *he* is more really a madman than his neighbour.

It

It is not, therefore, from the ſelf-confidence of any man, that we are to expect to receive, or to give, irrefragable proofs of not diverging from the *natural* ſtandard of *intellectual ſoundneſs*—if there be, in the conſtitution of the human mind, a poſitive ſtanding point, diſcoverable by ſuperior intelligencies; or which the Almighty himſelf hath fixed in his own infinite plan of created wiſdom.

The learned and moſt elaborate author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," hath divided, and ſubdivided, the ſubject of human affections and tendencies, perhaps with unequalled induſtry and ſagacity; and hath derived an almoſt endleſs variety of intellectual infirmity, from natural, latent, and unſuſpected cauſes. Such a work of curioſity is only adapted for the leiſure of the learned; and ſuch readers will find in it very important leſſons of inſtruction, humility, and religion, ſufficient at leaſt to compenſate the trouble of reading it.

But every ſerious man, and eſpecially every ſeriouſly-benevolent man, finds himſelf intereſted, in his pilgrimage along the path of life,

in conſidering the natural and mental influences attendant on his fellow-beings. He cannot diſcover weakneſs and diſorder among them, any leſs than in himſelf, without feeling correſpondent impreſſions of diſapprobation, pity, caution, and regret. So far as theſe impreſſions are calmly regarded, and become ſubſervient to virtuous ſympathy and brotherly-kindneſs, the good of ſociety, in the preſent infirm ſtate of human nature, will be going forward; and we ſhall not be in danger of ſuſtaining, or diffuſing hurt, from believing, that moſt human beings are in their turn partakers of *madneſs*, either in *love*, in *anger*, in *malice*, in *ſelfiſhneſs*, in *hope*, in *fear*, or in *religion*.

THE CHACE.

IN the diverſified picture of human life, ſun-ſhine, and vivacity of outward proſpect, after a clouded and gloomy hemiſphere, are no leſs remarkable than changes in the occurrences of human intercourſe. And a man ever ſo ſeriouſly affected and diſpoſed, muſt take his accidental

accidental occurrences, of the lively, the unbending, and the humorous.

The difference between the prudent, the temperate—and the imprudent, intemperate man, conſiſts in the uſe he makes of the occurrences which fall in his way. I had parted from the poor ſolitary ſtranger, whom I have deſcribed under the foregoing head, and had perhaps fallen into reflections too ſerious to be always ſupported with advantage, when I was ſuddenly awakened from gloomy cogitation by the briſk trotting of a horſe behind me.

On turning my head, I ſpied a young Welch woman, mounted on a fine white Engliſh horſe, travelling a little to my left hand, at the rate of about ten miles an hour. She ſoon paſſed by me, and I was in expectation of ſeeing a ſervant in attendance, as ſhe had the appearance, though not of a modern Engliſh lady, yet of ſuperior ſtation in a Welch region. But finding ſhe was unattended, and in ſuch haſte, or alarm, I ſoon conceived the reſolution of endeavouring to overtake her, and

ſatisfy myſelf whether ſhe had taken any fright at me, or was riding away from ſociability and reflection? She ſoon found I was purſuing her, and began to increaſe my ſuſpicions reſpecting the unfavourableneſs of my appearance, by puſhing her ſteed into a gallop.

The fear of increaſing her alarm had almoſt determined me to deſiſt from the purſuit; for though I was exceedingly well mounted, I could not, without uncommon exertion, prevent her, on plain ground, from gaining in the diſtance; but eſpying a hill riſe juſt before her, and the road very rough, I thought I might effect my purpoſe, and ſo by degrees overtook her: then accoſting her with expreſſions of affability and kindneſs, I ſoon diſſipated her fears.

It was not till ſome ſentences had been interchanged, that ſhe ventured to turn her face, and give a peep at me, through her muffled head-dreſs, conſiſting of two or three handkerchiefs, under her black beaver hat. But we ſoon found that we had no deſign of giving each other pain, by unſocial and unneceſſary ſurmiſes.

ſurmiſes. She was very handſome; or rather, like many other unadorned Welch females, very comely, and in her features expreſſive of ſimplicity and kindneſs. I could not help rallying her, on her ſuſpicions; and having brought her to a flattering acknowledgement that I had nothing hoſtile or fearful in my countenance, we continued an innocent country converſation for about three miles, when our different roads brought us to the mutual good-wiſhes of a reluctant parting.

She had ideas of many pleaſures and advantages peculiar to her native country, the land of her fathers; but ſeemed to have her mind rather elated and agitated with the thoughts of ſoon making a journey to London, where ſhe had been informed ſuperior pleaſures were to be found, and where people had a more common advantage of ſplendid amuſements, and more improving intercourſe.

I took the opportunity of endeavouring to inſtil into her mind the doctrine of common inconveniences, dangers, and difficulties, appertaining to every reſidence, and eſpecially of new

new ones which might await her in the metropolis, where innocence and beauty were more expoſed, than in Wales, to deception and abuſe—and that in proportion to the very eaſe of acceſs, and gaiety of manners, which ſhe might have heard too advantageouſly attributed to a London life.

And though I allowed, that by changing her mode of dreſs, from the more uſeful to the gay, (which would be the conſequence of her going into gayer connexions) ſhe might look into her glaſs, and be better pleaſed with herſelf—and might increaſe her number of flatterers, (who would at beſt be inſincere friends) it was a matter of ſerious doubt, whether ſhe would not leave behind her in Wales, much of her more uſeful and ornamental ſimplicity of heart.

She bore all this with apparent patience, and about half the aſſent of her judgment; but like all other young perſons who have ſent their hearts along with their imaginations, before them, to London, ſhe ſeemed to reſerve to herſelf a hope, that ſhe ſhould eſcape all the danger, and partake of all the pleaſure.

We parted ſmiling; ſhe promiſed that whenever ſhe ſhould come near my dwelling, ſhe would be ſure to viſit me—and that when ſhe overtook me on the road again, ſhe would not ride away from me.

THE LORDS' BUSHES.

Being again in ſolitude, and among croſs-roads, (for I had left the high one at St. Cleare for a nearer way to Tenby) I ſoon found it neceſſary to enquire of the country people, that I might not loſe myſelf. The reſult of this enquiry was a direction from ſeveral perſons, to ſtop at the *Lords' Buſhes*, and enquire again. I declared myſelf an abſolute ſtranger to all the buſhes and trees in the neighbourhood, for that I had never ſeen them before. Still I was to go on a little further, and I ſhould find the *Lords' Buſhes*;—I went on, and ſoon came to a little cottage, on an eminence, in a wood, having a tree before the door, and ſome benches underneath, betokening it to be a place of reſort and recreation—not, indeed, where wine could ever be expected "to ſparkle in the cup," but

but where many a glow of rural delight and independance, had ariſen in many a woodman's, and many a ſwineherd's boſom, perhaps through ſucceſſive generations.

The benches were now unoccupied; and had it been afternoon, inſtead of morning, I could very freely have cloſed in with the conceit of the moment, and have taken a draught of Welch ale, on a ſpot, which time immemorial ſeemed to have been conſidered as diſtinguiſhed and delectable: but fearing the head-ach, and other diſadvantages of untimely, if not intemperate, drinking—I withſtood the temptation, and only enquired for the *Lords' Buſhes*. "This," ſaid the good woman of the houſe, "is the place." This, therefore, was the place for me to learn the hiſtory of thoſe *Buſhes*.

The tree, I was informed, which grew before the door, was one of four, that had formerly ſtood, or been reputed to ſtand, in a ſquare plantation, as land-marks, on four angles, of four royalties, which there met in a ſingle point; on which account, and on the traditional account of diſputes that had been terminated

terminated by the fixing of thoſe land-marks, the *Lords' Buſhes* had been famous through all the ſurrounding neighbourhood for generations back.

It is either in that human nature at large, in which I am now bearing my ſmall and tranſitory part; or it is a peculiarity of my nature, to be perpetually turning the incidents of obſervation to ſome ſpeculative uſe, which involves perplexity along with morality; but as I am unconſcious of ever getting into a moral ſpeculation, without ſome purpoſe of moral uſefulneſs, and mental good, which may poſſibly help others as well as myſelf, I ſhall not be diſcouraged, on this occaſion, from reflecting a little on the aforeſaid point, of the property of four Lords.

The ſettlement may have happened one, or ſeveral, hundred years ago: long enough ago, at leaſt, it did happen, to admit of the total extinction of thoſe lords from the ſcene of this world, before any of the preſent generation were born, to witneſs the reality of their exiſtence. All the lords of land that ever were in the world, that

that now are, and that ever will be born into it—by one common and neceſſary decree of the Supreme Eternal Landlord, are under the ſame common neceſſity of a momentary tenure and relinquiſhment.

"All fleſh is as graſs, and the goodlineſs of "it, at beſt, but as the flowers of the field." And though it be neceſſary, ſince the breach of the order of paradiſe, that the face of the earth ſhould be parcelled out, and allotted *to individuals* for the good of the whole; ſeeing man, by nature, would be ſo perverſe as either to neglect a voluntary care for his own orderly and comfortable ſubſiſtence—too unfeeling to provide for his weaker neighbour—or too diſhoneſt not to break in upon the choſen precincts of his neighbour's vineyard: ſtill are thoſe individuals but as *ſtewards* for others, under the univerſal Lord; or rather they muſt ſtand but in the preſent ſtation of *keepers*;—ſuch officers in the general police of the univerſal government, have the moſt reaſonable call upon them to an humble remembrance how ſoon they muſt give up their places, and be for ever driven from diſtinctions, on which they are ſo prone to pride themſelves.

To aſcertain, and to preſerve the boundaries of thoſe little territories, which they are ſo proud to call *their own*, are certain cares, to which the reputed poor and indigent are not expoſed, but without which they have a natural and divine right to the products and ſuſtenance of the earth, proportioned to their willingneſs to bear a reaſonable part of the neceſſary labour on it, and alſo to their natural weakneſs and wants.

For a man to increaſe, then, the quantity of his territory, by any means, which men have agreed to deem lawful, is only to increaſe the quantity of his neceſſary care in looking to the orderly and comfortable ſubſiſtence of other beings around him. And where is the grandeur and the good of all this? Before any good can be ſet down in the account, ſuch a *ſervant* muſt have acquired with his truſt, a ſtrong reſemblance of the attribute of *his* LORD, viz. a perpetual diſpoſition to *impart*, and rather to nouriſh *other* beings than himſelf—which is a leſſon of pain inſtead of pleaſure, to nature—and quite the undoing of a plan of human grandeur.

But

But *dominion, dominion,* is the charming and faſcinating ſound—a *ſound* it may well be called, for by what reaſoning ſhall we prove it a *thing?* It is ſomewhat leſs than a ſound, for it is only a creature of the *imagination.*

"I have," ſays Gripus, "ſuch a kind of "dominion as ſatisfies me—I am content with "my own ideas of *reality,* ſo long as I find "green fields, woods, rivers, and perpetual "hills, within my borders—and have my title "deeds in my iron cheſt."

So ſay all the reaſoners of his claſs, from one age to another. But is there any glory in having dominion (admitting there were ſuch a thing) over inanimate creatures—as the earth, the plants, and the herbage, which have no *conſciouſneſs?*

"As to the glory," replies Gripus, "I care "very little about that, ſo long as I have the "*poſſeſſion.* But I am not without dominion, "neither, for I have a power of commanding "even my *fellow-creatures*; and as to the other "creatures which inhabit my domains, I have

"certainly

"certainly dominion over them, according to "my pleaſure."

And is this all ſtrictly true? If a lord of the creation will, indeed, take the trouble and care of contriving and regulating the propagation of a herd of ſwine, and will have the dignity of ſubjecting his own ſpecies to the management of ſuch creatures; he may poſſibly find ſubſervience to his authority, ſo far as it is in the nature of a ſwine to be at all ſubſervient to human authority; but how far that is, let any proud man judge. He may raiſe a tribe of aſſes, and they will brouſe upon his fields, break down his fences, crop his ſhrubberies, trample upon his moſt "pleaſant "plants," and then turn their tails to their lordly keeper, and bray, without a notion of his authority, to the whiſtling of the winds.

He may dig in the earth, and ſearch under the ſlime, and the bramble, and the charnel-houſe: he will there find the mole, the toad, the ſnail, and the worm: but alas! in what kind of ſubjection do *they* ſtand to his will, though natives of his own boaſted ſoil! Let him

him go to the brink of the firſt ſtream, and aſk the ſmalleſt fiſh, that ſwims up to meet the ſun —what kind of ſubjection he holds to the dominion of his *lord?*—he ſtares ſuch impertinence in the face for a moment—then turns himſelf away as in diſdain of that impertinence —and revels at pleaſure in an element of freedom, which no art or power of man can deſtroy or confine.

Let him aſk the *birds* that perch about his barton, wherein *they* have an independance of him, while they peck the fruits of his labour and cultivation?

"The birds of heaven ſhall vindicate their "grain."

They ſhall aſſert their independance, and their real dominion too, in continuing to partake of what they pleaſe, by the power which nature has given them—and given them without a ſhadow of a power in man to exact from them any return. From the eagle down to the ſmalleſt wren, this prerogative reigns; and while man is boaſting of his borders, his land-

marks,

marks, and his dominion, the ſimple ſparrow ſhall fly and delight himſelf over the lands of twenty times four of theſe "*lords*," and perch, and do what he pleaſes, on their "*buſhes*" and their palaces.

The idea of enjoying the power of commanding our *fellow-beings*, is one of the moſt arrogant and unwiſe which man is prone to boaſt of: no man is naturally born to ſubjugate and command another; nor divinely licenſed ſo to do, but for a puniſhment of that other's wickedneſs, or as a protector of his weakneſs;—and the agency which is authorized by either of theſe predicaments, is at beſt but a conditional and accountable *ſervitude*, that involves in the conſideration of it both danger and trouble, more than dominion and independance!

EARWEARE.

To change again the moral ſtyle for the hiſtorical, I arrived about mid-day at the little village of *Earweare*, about four miles ſhort of

Tenby. Here I had the firſt ſample of Welch hoſpitality in a private houſe, and was abundantly convinced that the idea which I had formed of the general character of the people, from the deportment of inn-keepers, was founded in juſtice. The family into which my buſineſs led me was ſmall, and in the middle ſtation of life; but the hearty and obliging reception which I experienced, together with the decent and rational ſtile of entertainment, could not have been more adapted to give pleaſure to a traveller who was deſirous of kindneſs rather than compliment, and refreſhment rather than elegance.

The ſituation of this little village yields to very few that I have ſeen for pleaſantneſs, it being under cover of hills to the north, and open to the channel on the ſouth. The tide flows up within a few yards of the houſes, and at ebb leaves a level of ſands about a mile wide, and extending ſeveral miles in length towards Tenby. Nothing can exceed the pleaſantneſs, and delightful recreation, of a ride over theſe ſands in a fine day, and particularly when the tide begins to flow in. The breaking of the waves,

waves, as they advance, affords a moſt ſolemn and yet gentle ſound, while the agitation of the water, played upon by the beams of the ſun, which alſo add luſtre to innumerable little ſhells, ſcattered over a ſurface of the ſand that is more ſoft and ſmooth than the fineſt gravel walks of a garden, furniſh altogether a luxury of enjoyment not to be equalled by any decorations of art.

The ſhells of the razor-fiſh are found on theſe ſands in great abundance, and variety of ornament: and as I could not bring them away without breaking, I was obliged to leave behind me ſeveral ſpecimens, more large and beautiful than I had ever ſeen before in the cabinets of *virtuoſi*.

At a very conſiderable diſtance below high water-mark, I believe nearly the diſtance of half a mile, we diſcover ranges of the trunks of old trees, lying at length, ſometimes a little above, but moſtly on a level with, the ſurface of the ſands. They ſeem to be wholly of the willow or alder ſpecies; and while the common people are willing to aſcribe antiquity to

their region, by ſuppoſing that thoſe trees may have lain there ever ſince the general deluge; the more philoſophiſing mind is ſtruck with a freſh inſtance of the advancing bounds of the ocean, at ſome former period—moſt probably by a ſudden or gradual looſening, and waſhing away, of ſome ridge of the ſhore.

This is no uncommon appearance, on the borders of the ocean, perhaps in any country; but the frequency of ſuch appearances cannot reaſonably leſſen the admonitions which they give us, to ſerious contemplation of that only ſource of power, by which the warring of the elements, and the comparatively great and ſmall revolutions in nature, are continually carried on!

Every gale of wind that blows; every movement of the element of air, throughout the immenſity of ſpace; every billow that riſes, ſeen or unſeen, in the world of waters; are agitations of particles—every the ſmalleſt of which has its appointed place, under the perpetual energy and appointment of the univerſal Governor! Thus every wave that beats unnoticed

noticed on the ſhore, has its appointed influence, under that ſupreme energy—and *man*, the inhabitant of this world, formed as he is for awful notices of the infinite operations around him, can never too ſenſibly regret his inattention to thoſe infinite operations!

The conſtitution of his nature requires the natural inſenſibility of ſleep, under which infirmity of that nature he is temporarily diſqualified from being affected by the objects of his ſenſes and affections; but while it ſhould be his care, not to increaſe that abſence from thought by an intemperate wearineſs of his frame, and ſtupefaction of his mind, he can never too fully diſcharge his duty of watchfulneſs, and reverence towards that Being, whoſe power ſleepeth not, and whoſe glorious attributes are unceaſingly employed!

The ocean, in its various and tremendous appearances, is, beyond a doubt, the moſt awful ſingle object of contemplation which the face of this world exhibits. And though the greater part of the inhabitants of the globe are unable to meditate on its wonderful properties,

from actual obſervation—every man is ſurrounded with equally curious and wonderful modifications of the elements, which have their influences upon his animal nature. Every man is ſo awfully ſtationed, as to be familiar with the effects of the ſun, the air, the water, and the earth upon the graſs, and the plants of the field, that grow for the nouriſhment of life, and is called upon by an high and heavenly call—to reverence, adore, and give thanks!

In ſuch a ſtate of ſenſibility and wiſdom, every man may have the conſolation of *truſting*, that in the end of the world, to him, and in the final conſummation of all worldly concerns, whether it ſhall be by the overwhelming of waters, or the diſſolving influence of fire, or by whatſoever mode of diſſolution Omnipotence ſhall be pleaſed to accompliſh his ultimate purpoſes, he has the promiſe of being eternally ſafe and happy, with the numberleſs hoſts of immortal beings, as in the hollow of his Creator's hand. But the careleſs, the forgetful, the irreverent, and the wanton, are ſituated in an immenſity of terror, without the privileges of dependance, or the ſolace of hope!

TENBY.

AFTER partaking of the hoſpitable entertainment, friendſhip, and pleaſure, of the delightful ſpot *Earweare*, I rode forward at four in the afternoon, and arrived about five, in view of this old and remarkable town. It is ſituated on an angle of rather low land, running into the channel, and we get the firſt view of it from an eminence in the road, at near a mile diſtance; from which point it exhibits a ſtriking and agreeable appearance. I had been ſtrongly recommended to the *White Lion*, a ſmall inn, ſituated in the firſt ſtreet, having an open and pleaſant proſpect of the harbour in front. To this inn, therefore, I went, and during a ſtay of two days, found it an agreeable houſe of entertainment for a common traveller, like myſelf, prepared to be ſatisfied with a ſimple ſtile of obliging accommodation.

But before I had alighted from my horſe, the remains of the fortifications, which extended to the back of this houſe, attracted my notice ſo powerfully, that I could not reſiſt the temptation to make an immediate ſurvey. I had

had not been prepared, from any deſcription, to expect ſo extenſive and noble an appearance of old ruins;—neither when I mounted the wall could I at once conceive to what an extent I ſhould be led. I aſcended, as I thought, the walls of a ruined caſtle, with a purpoſe of walking round a quadrangular ſpace of about an acre of ground. But continuing my perigrination weſtward, to more than three times the bounds of that ſpace, I was obliged, by ſome interruption in the ruins, to deſcend again without having explored the far greater part of the continuation of wall, which I afterwards found to reach in a direct line of more than half a mile down to the ſea, which bounds the ſouthern extremity of the town.

But my curioſity ſtill urging me forward, I had an opportunity of contemplating, in a walk of half an hour, the remains of a chain of fortification, which muſt have coſt that inſtrument of deſtruction, *Oliver Cromwell*, an exertion of labour, and have afforded him a feaſt of deſolation, rarely to be met with in the then devoted realm of England. Under this weſtern ſide of the main fortification, is incloſed,

incloſed, within a ſtrong wall of ten or twelve feet high, a ſpace of ſeveral acres of ground, which ſeems to have been uſed as a place for airing and exerciſing the garriſon, and other purpoſes connected with its accommodation. This ground runs alſo quite down to the channel.

Almoſt the whole town ſeems to have been formerly incloſed. Many turrets and battlements are now ſtanding in a conſiderable degree of preſervation, and the whole ſeems to have been built in a ſtile of grandeur and defence, which the preſent unimportance of the town itſelf would not raiſe an idea of. And yet, miſerable as ſome of the dwellings now are, they are in general the remains of well-proportioned old houſes, executed in a rich and laborious ſtile of Saxon and Gothic architecture. On the eaſtern ſide is a chain of forts running into the bay, (the entrance of which they command) and mounted with a ſufficient number of complete cannon for its defence againſt any force of an enemy which may be expected to venture in. Thoſe batteries ſeem to be under the care of only two or three perſons,

ſons, very far from making a military appearance; but as the redoubts are furniſhed with ſeveral little dwellings, they are probably otherwiſe garriſoned in time of war.

JEFFRESTON.

DURING the continuance of my quarters at *Tenby*, for the purpoſe of tranſacting ſome concerns of buſineſs in its neighbourhood, I embraced opportunity, as well from choice as from occaſion, of mingling familiarly among the lower claſſes of the people; and was of courſe repeatedly delighted with that ſimplicity of manners, that happineſs in poverty, which appear ſo conſpicuouſly among the poor Welch people, as well as with that hoſpitality and politeneſs which really characteriſe thoſe of ſuperior rank.

It would be difficult to point out one ſpot, among thoſe Cambro-Britons, which is either inhoſpitable or unſocial, yet muſt it happen to a ſpeculative and ſuſceptible viſitant, that ſome inſtances will occur, in the courſe of a journey like this—ſome unexpected diſcoveries will be made

made—ſome peculiar intercourſe will take place, that muſt make ſome one ſtage of a journey particularly pleaſant and memorable. This obſervation was verified with reſpect to myſelf. The little village of *Jeffreſton*, about four miles north of Tenby, and ſurrounded by the collieries which produce the ſtone coal, commonly known among malt-makers in England by the name of Tenby coal, was to me a ſcene of no ſmall pleaſure.

Whoever ſhall hear this village deſcribed as a neſt of colliers, and little farmers, who in general lead the ſame life of labour and aſſociation among their beaſts, almoſt from the cradle to the grave, would be ill-prepared to ſuppoſe that it ſhould contain any inſtances of literary and philoſophical genius, cultivated to any degree of reſpectability. Whoever, that has a claim to kindred genius or taſte, ſhall read that ſuch inſtances were here really found, in the ſofter ſex, will of courſe be delighted; while it muſt remain, nevertheleſs, a doubt, whether ſuch a diſtinction of mind and purſuit, in any region of happy ignorance, may be conſidered as an advantage in the ſum-total of happineſs!

My

My diſcovery was thus made. I was paſſing along the village, in queſt of the only little houſe of publick entertainment, where I might refreſh myſelf, and ſome colliers, who had attended me in the ſurvey of a neighbouring farm, when *one houſe* which ſtood by the wayſide, diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by its neatneſs of appearance, attracted my notice. The miſtreſs of the little manſion came, at that moment, accidentally to the door: I had no ſooner looked at her, and approved her, as a benevolent goodly matron, than a young woman, whom I afterwards found to be a daughter, appeared behind her, darting through her eyes a ſharpneſs of intellect, which gave value at once to a very handſome face; ſhe held in her hand—a book. Now if the reader can by this time have believed, that I have any right reliſh for a book myſelf, he will the leſs wonder, that after paſſing ſeveral paces beyond the door, in the complete character of a ſtranger, I ſhould ſuddenly turn back to make an unceremonious enquiry into the ſtudies of a ſiſter ſtudent.

She bluſhed a little, but held her book open with readineſs, and as one not aſhamed of her author

author or herſelf—ſhe had, indeed, no cauſe: for inſtead of a book of modern love and intrigue, the too common, and ever-baneful companion of a modern reading female, ſhe was ſtudying chriſtian philoſophy, in diſſertations on happineſs and miſery, life and death. I applauded, from judgment, and I hope from principle, her choice—looked upon her with affection, and upon her mother with congratulation—then took my leave, and went to the

VILLAGE INN.

I call it an inn, becauſe on my enquiry for one, I was recommended to this, as a houſe which anſwered that enquiry:—And that my untravelling readers may not be at a loſs for an idea of an inn, in a Welch village, I will deſcribe this, with its furniture—for I was curious enough to take an inventory—which, on reading it afterwards, to Welch people, was pronounced reſpectable, and undegrading to their country.

In the firſt place then, the walls of the houſe were about ſix feet high—conſequently no floor could

could exiſt above the ground. The roof was covered with thatch, according to the common, but not univerſal cuſtom, of covering their farms and cottages: there was no ſign, nor ſign of a ſign-poſt. In I went—and the whole poſſeſſions appeared at firſt ſight in a ſingle room, as near as I could gueſs, about twenty feet long, by fourteen wide; the naked rafters and the thatch, grown dark with age and ſmoke, proved that cielings were non-eſſential, and that carved and gilded cornices were only the luxuries of ambition.

INVENTORY.

A whole dead pig, hanging behind the door
Two beds in old oaken caſes
A fixed fire-ſcreen, with a part of the ſpare raiment of the family hanging upon it
A dreſſer-caſe, with pewter and culinary wares
Two large water pitchers
Three long forms
Two waſhing tubs
Three lock-up corn bins
Three tables

One

One cradle
Six wooden chairs
Two flitches of fat bacon
Several large hams, hanging by ſtrings from the rafters, over the beds
Sundry chines, chaps, and pieces of bacon, againſt the walls
An old wig among them
Sundry other pairs of breeches, ſtays, petticoats, &c. hanging at intervals between the bacon
Bread, cheeſe, and drinking-mugs in abundance
Houſe-dogs
Children
Parents, both lively, conſcious of proſperity, and happy.

THE WELCH CURATE.

While we are on the ſubject of inventories, I will alſo ſubjoin one of the whole worldly goods of a Welch Curate, into whoſe apartments I happened accidentally to be introduced in his abſence—and this I will not do to gratify a ſatyrical diſpoſition, for I truſt I am

am ſuperior to that, where poverty, and the wretchedneſs of an educated character are ſo obviouſly in the caſe. In a gloomy chamber, I found the following ſtore, moſt of which, to the credit of the owner, (whoſe curacy I was informed was under ten pounds a year) will be found a proviſion for the mind rather than the body.

BOOKS.

Dyche's Dictionary
Salmon's Geographical Grammar
Sermons by R. Moſs
Downame's duodecimo Concordance
An old ragged duodecimo Bible
Sermons by Geo. Whitfield, without a cover
A Common-Prayer Book
Watts's Hymns
Whole Duty of Man, very old, firſt edition
Welch Catechiſm
Arithmetical Calculations
Le Clerk, of the Chriſtian Religion
Grotius, of the truth of the ſame
The Thirty-nine Articles of the Church

A Greek

A Greek Teſtament
Weſley's Primitive Phyſick
Wake's Principles of the Chriſtian Religion
A New Teſtament
A Latin Catechiſm
Two old Sermon caſes
Thirty-ſix printed, and ſixteen MS. Sermons
Advice to young Clergy, with the ſolitary *Band* of the order folded in it.

GOODS.

One ragged blue bed
Three broken chairs
Three old empty cheſts
One old table
One pair of breeches
One ruſty church-going hat.

The foregoing library, ſcanty as it may be deemed for one of our prieſts in orders, was conſidered in Wales as neither ſmall nor uncoſtly for a curate. Indeed when I afterwards caſt my eyes on the dejected countenance of the poor man, to whom theſe few books

belonged, I could not repreſs the riſing of indignation, at the inequality of allowance among the clergy, ſo long, and ſo juſtly complained of, without redreſs. Againſt ſuch fruitleſs feelings, however, a traveller through Wales muſt guard himſelf as well as he can—and muſt remember, in aid of himſelf, and the miſerable people whom he compaſſionates, that a period will ſoon come, when the luxury and wantonneſs of many rapacious dignitaries will be humbled, and recompenſed; while the crying miſeries of their more virtuous dependants will be ended and balanced, according to the mercy of Him who judgeth righteouſly in the earth.

But to return to the dwelling of our fair ſtudent,—where, reader, of whatever rank thou art, if thou haſt any love of ſimplicity and goodneſs in thee, thou wouldſt have been pleaſed to have gone in perſon! I had not been many minutes under the well-furniſhed, bacon-garniſhed roof, which I have deſcribed, before a meſſenger arrived from the worthy mother of the damſel, inviting me to dine with them. This was a mark of politeneſs and kindneſs, which

which I could not decline to acknowledge, and accordingly went.

The family dinner, which was a good ſubſtantial repaſt, was ſoon ſerved in; and a ſecond daughter, taller, but younger than the former, made her appearance, with her father, an hoſpitable man, and well-informed in country concerns; but undiſtinguiſhed by thoſe qualities from which literary taſte and genius can derive immediate aſſiſtance.

The ſiſters ſoon proved themſelves both ſenſible beyond the ordinary degree, and to have cultivated their underſtandings with aſſiduity, and to much moral advantage. They were girls of buſineſs, as well as reading, having the management of a large handſome ſhop, which ſupplied the wants of the neighbourhood, for ſeveral miles round; but which, requiring more of a periodical attention, than a publick ſituation would have done, afforded them leiſure for uſeful and ornamental reading.

A publick library was not ſituated nearer to them than Pembroke, which was at a diſtance

of more than ten miles; but they found means to gain occaſional acceſs to it, and had a well-choſen little collection of books of their own. They were particularly familiar with ſome of our beſt poets; but of theſe, the grave, the informing, and ſublime, were their favourite companions, and *Milton* at the head of the liſt.

But perhaps one ſtrong proof of the originality of genius, in the eldeſt of theſe ſiſters, may be no leſs pleaſing to the reader than it was to me. Without any acquaintance with the uſual modes of *painting*, either in oil or water colours, ſhe had conceived a ſtrong attachment to the imitative art. She ſhewed me one piece of very ſingular execution in this line. It was a bunch of garden flowers. The arrangement was very pretty, and the reſemblance of nature ſtrong. The account ſhe gave me of her performance was this curious one:—

She drew on paper, with a common pen and ink, the outlines of the flowers and leaves, from originals growing in the garden. The

ſpaces

ſpaces ſhe moiſtened with the end of her finger, dipped in common glue, which ſhe had melted for the purpoſe. And having previouſly ſcraped off the fine wool from ſhreds of ſuperfine Spaniſh cloth, of various colours, ſhe by degrees threw the fine duſt on to the moiſtened ſpaces, according to her fancy and judgment, either thicker or thinner, as ſhe wanted a deeper or lighter ſhade; thus by long application ſhe had produced the piece which ſhe placed before me; and which, had it been placed in a frame, with a glaſs before it, among the ſpecimens of trained artiſts, would, in my opinion, have done no diſcredit to a modern exhibition. So true is it, that genius and judgment are common to both ſexes, and not to be repreſſed by obſcurity, and diſadvantage of ſituation!

But what rendered an unexpected intercourſe with this family the moſt pleaſing of all was, that charming ſimplicity of manners and ſentiment, that frankneſs and freedom of communication, which we ſo often feel the want of, under the diſguiſes and ſimulations of a faſhionable education.

I can truly ſay I never took my leave of a family with more regret, though never with a ſtronger ſenſe of the advantages of ſincere friendſhip, which is no leſs remarkable for ſudden commencement in feeling minds, than for livelineſs and length of duration, notwithſtanding the interventions of diſtance, and the neceſſities of abſence.

PEMBROKE.

AFTER an evening ride of two hours from Tenby, in which I loſt a fine view of the ſea from the eminences that lie in the road, I entered this old town, ſo famous for its princely caſtle, and the remains of ancient buildings by which it is diſtinguiſhed. Although, in my opinion, the liberal notice taken of this town by our ingenious modern traveller *Wyndham*, and the ſilence he obſerves reſpecting the antiquities of Tenby, are rather unaccountable. The caſtle is undoubtedly a grand and ſtriking ruin, and rendered famous in its proſperity by the birth of Henry VII. within its walls. The town, though conſiderable, is old and irregu-

lar,

lar, as moſt Welch towns are. But I did not perceive that the hint of bad inns, given by the gentleman whom I have juſt mentioned, is more applicable to the inns of Pembroke than of other towns in South Wales.

A traditional ſtory among the common people, that *Oliver Cromwell* had vanquiſhed the town of Tenby, by uſing the intelligence of a deſerter to enable him to cut off the water—I found here alſo applied to the hiſtory of Pembroke—which may ſhew how little truth is to be aſcribed to the local tradition of any people, after the interval of a ſingle century. But it is a happineſs more connected with preſent time, that the exploits and actions of men who once lived, are ever of inferior moment to the right and expedient conduct of men in all ages in which they themſelves live.

No incident of an intereſting kind having occurred during my ſhort ſtay in this town, we haſten on our way, the more ſpeedily, at day-break, for Haverfordweſt. About ſeven in the morning I came to the ferry, over a branch of the Milford Haven, which at high-water is ſaid

ſaid to be near a mile acroſs. The morning was remarkably cold and wet, and the wind, which blew in from the ſea, was ſo very cold, as to render the paſſage exceedingly unpleaſant. The boatmen, partaking of the characteriſtick inactivity of their Welch brethren, had not yet riſen from their beds. I requeſted the people of the little ale-houſe where they ſlept to call them up. After waiting ſome minutes in the vain hope of their coming quickly to my aid, one of the two made his appearance, juſt ſaluted me by the appellatic . of maſter, ſhrugged up his ſhoulders at the weather, and went in to call his companion. At length that companion came out alone, turned up his eyes to the ſky, and went in again, under a pretence of bringing the other to his ſtation.

By this time, notwithſtanding the ſhelter of the houſe, under the ſide of which I had crept in momentary expectation of getting into the boat, I found myſelf ſo much chilled as to ſtand in need of ſomething to fortify me againſt the expoſure of an open boat. A dram in a morning was an unuſual expedient, and the idea of it very diſagreeable. However, I ſoon found

found that my feelings were proof againſt any injury from a glaſs of brandy, which therefore I drank without being ſenſible of its ſtrength. I would gladly have treated my poor ſhivering horſe with another, could I have inſtructed him how to drink it, for he ſeemed to look moſt piteouſly on his maſter, as the author of his ſufferings.

In about half an hour the boat was brought up to the landing place, and I was called upon in my turn to embark. I was now grown careleſs of going at all, and had there been a ſtable for my beaſt, I ſhould have waited for ſome ceſſation of the ſeverity of the weather. But ſeeing a poor old ſoldier and his wife prepared and waiting for the voyage, I determined to be as hardy as they, and accordingly got into the boat with them. This old couple ſeemed to have paſſed many a year of difficulties, and during the time of waiting for the boat, had crept cloſe to each other, as though attracted by ſome degree of the affection and ſympathy of younger days; but they had no ſooner entered it, than he went and placed himſelf at one extremity, and ſhe at the other:

ſhe

ſhe wrapping a part of her petticoat over her ſhoulders, and bringing her aged body into as little room as poſſible, that ſhe might receive the leſs battering from wind and weather: and he turning his knapſack to windward, made the beſt proviſion for himſelf. Thus they ſeemed perfectly compoſed, and never ſpoke a word, or ſeemed to look a look of enquiry for each other's welfare, during the trying half hour that we were beating acroſs the tide, through the ſtorm, upon the water.

I was ſo ſtruck with their groteſque appearance, and their tranquil method of dividing danger, that I fell into a profound contemplation, as I ſtood in the boat, on the vaſt variety of affections and habits, produced by the different prejudices and kinds of intercourſe among men. The trembling of my horſe (againſt which I leaned) from the extremity of the cold, at length awoke me from my reverie; and I found that my own limbs were barely able to carry me out of the boat. It was no wonder then, that my worſe-clothed, and ancient fellow travellers, ſhould find themſelves in as bad a ſituation.

However,

However, out they got, as well as they could, and purſued their journey through the weather, at about the diſtance of one hundred yards from each other. But with all my moralizing, I ſuppoſe they out-weathered me—for I contracted a rheumatiſm, which lamed me for ſeveral months after.

Notwithſtanding unfavourable appearances reſpecting the unſympathetic affection of this couple, I was perſuaded they had really as much tried and feeling regard for each other, as though they had given more outward and lively tokens of ſenſibility. Among the diverſified circumſtances of human life, they perhaps had been aſſociates for more than forty years, through many campaigns of foreign difficulty, or the dangers of a beſieged garriſon: had been accuſtomed to habits of neceſſary ſeparation, and ruminating apart on the hardſhips and miſeries of human life, till their tendereſt thoughts and ſolicitudes for each other's welfare, might become moſt naturally mingled, with their tears, at a diſtance.

The

The ſuppoſition of theſe poſſibilities found, at that time, the more ready place in my mind, from a remembrance of the meltings of an old wounded ſoldier, whom I met with ſome years ago, when he deſcribed to me the tenderneſs of his wife (for whom he was then waiting on the road) in finding him out among the wounded at the battle of Culloden, and wheeling him bleeding off the field in an ammunition barrow. A picture of affection never appeared to me more ſtrong, though it is poſſible he might have thought it wrong in a ſoldier to weep before a woman; or might have conſidered it as childiſh to let her lean on his arm.

In the abundant appearance which this world exhibits, of mutual inattention and want of ſympathy, among the claſſes of mankind, ſome alleviation may ariſe to the feeling obſerver, from a hope that there is yet much hidden affection, towards a balance of the ſum total of envy and malice—and that a time will come, when every ſecret thought of good-will will find its reward, and be referred to its proper uſe in the conſummation of felicity!

HAVER-

HAVERFORDWEST.

To this town, the extent of theſe travels, I came about ten o'clock, after performing one of the moſt diſagreeable ten-mile ſtages I ever remember to have travelled. It is an old and irregular, but large and populous place, having its caſtle converted into the county jail. On my arrival I found at the inn the high-ſheriff of the county, with a ſplendid ſuite, and a moſt formidable hoſt of lawyers and clients, aſſembled at the aſſizes.

It was with ſome difficulty that I could get accommodated with a breakfaſt, in the crowd; but after exerciſing half an hour's patience, the gueſts began to withdraw to the hall, and my coffee was brought into the room; but an attorney who that moment came down from the realms of Morpheus, entering the room with the waiter, claimed the coffee-pot, and got poſſeſſion of the equipage, with a kind of happy confidence that had nearly thrown me into another half hour's ſuſpence, at a time when ſuſpence would have been particularly unpleaſant. But conſidering that his intruſion,

ſion, if according to law, was not fully according to equity or good manners, I drew up my chair to the table, and told my new companion that I believed he was under a miſtake; or, if not, he muſt at leaſt give me leave to partake with him, and then I would diſpenſe with any further ceremony or explanation. The attorney, conſcious of his being on the unjuſtifiable ſide of the queſtion, readily conſented to take me into partnerſhip, and ſo we began our repaſt in perfect harmony.

It often happens, in the commerce of this world, that perſons formed for ſocial and inſtructive communication, deprive themſelves and each other of much pleaſure and advantage, from ſuffering little incidents of inadvertence or imprudence to irritate their ſpirits into reſentment, before reaſon and philoſophy come in to their aid; no matter how trivial or ridiculous the occaſion is: for if once the tongue get the ſtart of the judgment, the miſchief is begun; and pride, which naturally diſdains conceſſion, is able to carry it forward.

But

But it happened in this inſtance, that my friend the lawyer and myſelf eſcaped the danger, and I found him a very intelligent and entertaining companion, for near an hour. I took the opportunity of expreſſing my ſurpriſe at finding ſo many of the profeſſion, and ſo great an appearance of litigation, in a part of the country where the manners of the people ſeemed ſo ſimple, and courteſy to ſtrangers ſo abundant. But I had the mortification to be informed, that notwithſtanding favourable appearances of peace and good neighbourhood in the country—notwithſtanding the ſmallneſs of the property of many individuals, a kind of paſſion for *litigation* prevails very generally among the Welch, and is their principle fault.

However mortifying it may be to the admirers of rural ſimplicity and the viſions of Arcadia, to be reduced to the neceſſity of believing ſuch a character, the more philoſophick reaſoner will account for ſuch a litigious diſpoſition on common and obvious principles. It is not difficult to ſuppoſe that in a neighbourhood where the land-owners are ſo numerous and their eſtates ſo ſmall, both they, and the tenantry

tenantry who depend upon them for a ſubſiſtence, ſhould be as much attached to the rights and privileges of their little territories, as the opulent to their larger domains: perhaps that attachment, and a jealouſy of ſubverſion, may be ſtrong in proportion to the difficulty of accumulation.

To this may be added, that the multiplicity of fences, neceſſary for the keeping of the cattle within their reſpective bounds, and their continual liability to intruſion into the neighbouring grounds, furniſhes a frequent occaſion of complaint and diſſenſion among their owners. The ſterility of much of the ſoil, the unimproving ſyſtem of agriculture, and the provincial indolence of the little farmers, all taken together, may likewiſe have a ſtrong tendency to enhance their ideas of grievance, from accidental or other occurrences. Hence it is found, that many of the Welch, in the midſt of poverty, are too prone to contention in courts of law; and to ſecure themſelves againſt loſſes of ſhillings and fractions, will deprive their families of pounds, in paying the charges of their attornies. Thus it comes to

paſs

paſs that in a country where a criminal proceſs, except in the article of ſheep-ſtealing, is rarely inſtituted, a multitude of petty cauſes are always depending in their courts of aſſize.

Sheep-ſtealing, however, or a kind of nocturnal borrowing, is ſo common, as to have become a proverbial reproach upon ſome parts of the Principality; and a very intelligent Welch gentleman, whom I afterwards met with in this Tour, in characteriſing his countrymen, told me, that were it not for one frailty—their partiality for *mutton*—which ſometimes will carry the poorer ſort beyond the bounds of honeſty, they would paſs, to advantage, in a compariſon with the inhabitants of any country.

An execution for felony is rarely heard of in any part of Wales; and it was with pleaſure, though not without ſome mixture of ſhame for the character of Engliſhmen, that I had been told in the neighbourhood of Carmarthen, of only one execution which had happened within the ſpace of ten years: that malefactor, it ſeems, was an Engliſhman, a

native of the county of Glouceſter, who having fled from juſtice in his own country, had made his laſt highway depredations among the Welch.

The gentleman of the law, whom I mentioned above, gave me an account of an attempt then making by a manufacturer from England, to eſtabliſh a cotton manufacture near Haverfordweſt, which was then a favourite ſubject of conſideration among the more public-ſpirited people of the neighbourhood, and was deemed a rational and well-concerted undertaking, fraught with much proſpect of advantage, where labour muſt be cheap, and the ſituation for a foreign trade, eſpecially with Ireland, particularly favourable.

On further enquiry into the matter, I found that this new adventurer, though generally conſidered as a man of moſt reſpectable abilities and character, had begun his plan by purchaſing the fee-ſimple of a whole pariſh; and it was the general opinion, that the erection of tenements for his work people, and other buildings for his various purpoſes, muſt be attended with a commencement of expence, which has often been

been found too formidable for an original projector to ſurmount with ſucceſs.

But although this obvious hazard to an individual is a reaſonable ſubject of general regret, it is undoubtedly to the judgment and exertion of ſingle perſons, too often unaided in their publick views, that a diſtrict or a province owes its riſe to eminence in manufactures, and its reſpectability in commerce. And notwithſtanding an original adventurer may fail of reaping the reward which his exertions have deſerved, the liberal part of mankind will not fail to honour him as a founder, or at leaſt as a man who was worthy to have been a founder, of a uſeful inſtitution.

And ſo long as a good and uſeful deſign ſhall remain heavier in the publick balance than gold itſelf, may ſuch a publick-ſpirited and virtuous man, however unſucceſsful, have the conſolation of ſaying, "I have intended well, and "deſerved well of my country!"

However this undertaking may ſucceed, in a part ſo deſtitute of manufactures and labour

for the poor, it cannot but be the wiſh of every generous perſon, that it may flouriſh as a ſource of employment, and conſequently (in the preſent ſyſtem of ſociety) as a ſource of publick advantage.

THE CONCLUSION.

AND now, as every writer who ventures to begin, muſt neceſſarily come to a concluſion of a literary attempt, I ſhall here releaſe my reader from the firſt volume of the *Companions*. The ſubject of it is partly accidental, and in ſome degree unconnected with the *two* that are to follow; but I hope it will be found that the tendency of it, however defective in point of mere entertainment, is in uniſon with one general deſign, *namely*, the promotion of the principles of virtue, and conſequently the increaſe of human happineſs.

It may, with ſome readers, become a query, which every ſerious moral writer is no ſtranger to in his own mind, how far a man can be qualified to give hints, and lay down rules of rational and divine felicity, before he has the conſciouſneſs

conſciouſneſs of having attained to that innocence, and that rectitude in himſelf, which he attempts to enforce?

To this I have only to confeſs, that without ſuch particular convictions, and under the general influence of a love of virtue and humanity, I have wiſhed ſo to ſcatter along the road of life, ſome few virtuous reflections, which I have found uſeful to myſelf, that the more careleſs of my fellow-travellers may have a chance of remarking them, and the more wiſe may not diſapprove.

I judged that the little incidents of a real journey, in an ancient and ſimple country, might not furniſh a diſagreeable variety, eſpecially to younger minds; while I am conſcious that, conſidered in the light of intereſting deſcription and diſcovery, and brought into compariſon with the foreign voyages and travels deſcribed in our language, this little addition muſt be deemed of ſmall importance. One conſideration, however, is of great concern to the reader; and if the laſt leaf of an inſignificant book ſhall have a happy tendency to impreſs

impreſs it more powerfully on his mind, he will acknowledge, with ſome degree of gratitude, that ſuch a book has not been without its uſe: I mean, that however diſproportionate my deſcriptive labours have been, to thoſe of remote and extenſive travellers—to thoſe which have recorded curious diſcoveries from pole to pole—an infinite extent of ſpace, and of undiſcoverable worlds, make an infinitely *greater* diſproportion to *all* human knowledge; and will ever remain, for the exerciſe of humility, ſilent admiration, and devout aſtoniſhment!

No apology can be neceſſary for not continuing to ſolicit the reader's attention, during my return homeward, which was moſtly over the ſame ground, and through ſimilar ſcenes of proſpect. But on my return to the Paſſage, and during a delay there in the abſence of the boat, I naturally revolved in my mind the peculiarities and pleaſures of that ſimple aſſociation, from which I was about to depart, and cloſed up my lucubrations with thoughts like the following.

As

As Eve from Eden, I from Wales withdraw,
Where life ſeem'd friendſhip, and where truth
was law.*
As Adam fear'd a ſad exchange to make,
So I, to Albion, my dull journey take—
Where varying faſhion holds its gay career,
And ſorrows, dreſs'd in pleaſure's garb, appear:
Where fell *taxation*, from ungovern'd pride,
Takes its firſt riſe, with murmur by its ſide;
Where *trade*, the ſource of hard uncertain gain,
Juſt lives, oppreſs'd, and mis'ry in its train;
Where ſplendid manſions rear their roofs on
high,
But each dim *window* now excites a ſigh!
Where *ſpring*, the morn of each revolving year,
That us'd, like heaven, the wint'ry breaſt to
cheer,
Now but returns, with terror, to the ſight,
And taxes tinge it with the gloom of night!
But ſince ev'n *Wales* from theſe muſt not be
free,
Nor an aſylum give to peace and me;

* Notwithſtanding ſome defects of character, incident to the infirmity of human nature; it muſt be granted, that this general deſcription is a tribute due to the people.

Since

Since ev'n the *muſe* no ſacred cell can find,
But in the free-born manſion of the mind;
Come, ſeamen, waft me to yon farther ſtrand;
I'll ſhare the burden of my native land!
And, if on earth fair freedom ne'er ſhall riſe,
I'll hope at length to find her in the ſkies!
Adieu! then, Wales, where ſimpleſt virtues dwell,
I take, of thee, my ling'ring, laſt farewell!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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